Farm and Garden
MAGAZINE OF THE SUNDAY
Los Angeles Times

A Willing Subject

THE PRACTICAL FROST INSURANCE - - - By Charles Barrett

THE HEREFORDS ARE COMING - - - - - - By Nelson R. Crow

Italio Mio, at the left, is the wonderful home of Miss Thomasella Graham at Sierra Madre. It is a joy to the horticulturist, for the grounds are filled with superb and unusual specimens of plant life brought to maturity under the tender and understanding care of their mistress. The walk is bordered by a row of Irish Yew trees at least a quarter of a century old. Sierra Madre is not essentially a tourist town, and what accommodations there are for winter visitors are found in such charming settings as are shown at the right—lawns, trees, flowers, and the rugged mountains for a backdrop.—Bella Vista Terrace.

A Matter of Choice

By Helen W. King

SIERRA MADRE, nestled on the knees of the Mother Mountains from which it takes its name, is to most Southern Californians one of a hundred small communities which fringe the skirts of metropolitan Los Angeles. And yet about a half century ago, strangely enough, that little town was the lodestar that drew men of letters, musicians, artists, poets—and prize fighters—from across the seas and the farthest bounds of this continent. Before our present centers of tourist interest were even dreamed of, these cosmopolitans were writing back home and describing the magic of Sierra Madre's climate and the enchantment of its beauty.

With such a beginning the question naturally comes to mind: Why has it sunk to such comparative obscurity? Did the tide of development sweep away from it? Were other claims to distinction advanced which outshone those of Sierra Madre?

In the beginning, a little bit of all these things, perhaps, but in the final analysis, more than a little of deliberate choice. There were things that the town might have done to adapt itself to the change and growth of its neighbors and so maintain, at least in a measure, some of this prominence. There were things it could do now to regain its measures of popular appeal. Sierra Madre was satisfield to have it otherwise and still is.

Sierra Madre is like a little old lady who withdraws from the feverish activities of the day, serenely content to fill her life with the beauty of her surroundings, the routine of homely tasks. If her sense of hearing has been dulled a bit by time and she cannot hear the jazz of the outside world, she can enjoy the song of the birds on a branch overhead. If her eyes cannot pierce the veil of dust and smoke hanging over the city to catch the once familiar far blue of the Pacific, they are at least keen for the beauty of her mountains, her flowers and the faces of old friends.

A great many California towns hark back to Mission days for their history that is colorful and romantic. Sierra Madre can lay claim to nothing of that sort, but the townsite was the location of an Indian village and seems always to have been appreciated since the days of its first passing into the hands of the white men as a place in which to live. The emphasis seems always to have been placed on the word "live."

Dr. Hiram H. Reid of Pasadena sold the original rancho in 1847 to an Englishman named Dalton, for about 15 cents an acre. It passed in speculation through the hands of the Wolfskills to the H. Newmark Company, which bought it for $85,000 in 1872. Elijah J. "Lucky" Baldwin bought it three years later for $200,000, and it is to him with his two great hobbies—horses and tree planting—that we can trace the origin of the thousands of fine old eucalypts and peppers that dot the townsite today.

In 1871, Nathaniel Carter came here from Massachusetts in a desperate search for health, and he found it, to such an extent that he felt impelled to spread the gospel to others who had failed hitherto to find physical well-being. In this way started the idea of yearly excursions, and it is to Mr. Carter we owe the first definite effort to bring an annual crop of winter visitors. Many of them, naturally, remained to establish homes.

It wasn't so strange, then, that the first Southern California hotel to become famous should have been located in Nathaniel Carter's town, Sierra Madre.

Among those who came here for health and adopted Sierra Madre as a permanent home was Dr. Norman Bridge, a man who gave a great deal of thought to the beautification of his home grounds and his community in general. He was a good example of the type of people to whom Sierra Madre appealed, which accounts for the great number of very old and ve[illegible] fine ornamental plantings throughout the district. This same love of home, the same appreciation for both natural and cultivated beauty, has been responsible for the luxuriance of plant life which characterizes the town.

It is quite understandable that Eugene Field should have found inspiration for his verse while sitting in the shade of Dr. Bridge's fine trees; we can understand why Edwin Markham wrote of it, calling Sierra Madre "a corner in Arcady;" and why Bliss Carmen and George Sterling should have found it keyed to their poetic minds. The peacefulness that pervades the place must have gratified the soul of Phillips Brooks, that famous Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts. And it must have been a blessed haven for the tired spirit of Theodore Thomas after hectic winters of conducting the Chicago Sympathy Orchestra. It is no wonder that Oscar Rasbach, who set the music to Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," should want to live there, or that Oscar Seiling, while the concert stage was still clamoring for the witchery of his violin, should find his greatest joy in his tangled, remote canyon property.

Like the little old lady, Sierra Madre is perfectly aware of the value and the rarity of what she has. If you seek her, and if you are the kind of person who can appreciate these things, she will tolerate your presence and, maybe, in the course of time, when you have proved yourself, she may even admit you into the charmed circle of her friendship.

The picture below shows a corner of the house and a bit of the garden now owned by Mrs. H. O. Smith, formerly the home of Gutzan Borglum, the sculptor. The wonderful rubber tree shown at the right, nearly forty years old, partly hides the home where Dr. Norman Bridge used to entertain many celebrities, among them Eugene Field.

COMMENT AND OPINION

Farm and Garden

Devoted to the multiform agricultural interests of the great Southwest and issued every week with the world's biggest Sunday newspaper.

EDITED BY HAROLD M. FINLEY

Communications from practical farmers, ranchers, stock raisers, poultrymen, gardeners and others engaged either in a large or small way in the vital work of agricultural production are gladly received. Address all letters to editorial department, Farm and Garden Magazine.

Developing Markets

THINKING growers have never ceased to wonder, when they had time to think, why such a large part of California's fruit and produce should be poured into the great terminals of New York and a few other big cities of the East. Of course, these cities have a natural consuming power of huge proportions, but at times—and how often it has happened—they have been glutted with things like California grapes, to a point where the shipments have been almost given away to avoid spoilage and total loss.

Another thing noted in the big terminals is the organized condition of the buyers. Some of the "auctions" are, or have been, a positive joke. One bid is made on one box, and a carload is knocked down at that price to anybody in the room. A "fat chance," to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, the grower and shipper have of combatting such a close corporation of buyers.

On the other hand, there are smaller cities scattered all over the country in which small buyers individually and in the aggregate would make quite a respectable "buying public."

One San Joaquin Valley grape grower used to proceed every summer through the northwest and northern Rocky Mountain area with a car or two of choice grapes, dropping off what was wanted and could be absorbed at good prices as he passed along down the line. This grower, acting as his own salesman, middleman, packer and shipper, made his summer vacation trip a quite profitable investment, while some of his neighbors were getting the doleful red ink after a long haul to New York or a stinging in a Chicago "auction."

The United States Department of Agriculture has been delving into the possibilities of these undeveloped or only partially developed markets. It would be foolish to say that they do not offer difficulties, for they do. They are not organized as are the great eastern terminals. The railroads cannot be expected to wax enthusiastic or to co-operate over short hauls and diversions in preference to a long haul to a well-equipped terminal point. Their business is hauling, and they "get theirs" regardless of whether school keeps or not. They should, as reasoning entities, be expected to agree that the virtual death of grape industries such as grape growing will not redound to continued profits for them, however, and on that basis might offer what aid they can in developing the Western Rocky Mountain and southern markets.

These districts, the Department of Agriculture declares, are the most promising market for mixed car shipments of fruits and vegetables. The small cities scattered throughout their length and breadth are in a territory in which there are relatively few large primary markets from which produce can be redistributed by motor truck.

In spite of this, the trucks, traveling to points as far away as 200 miles from their base, have been the most active agency in keeping down the phenomenal increase in mixed car shipments. These shipments have grown from 30,108 cars in 1922 to 49,275 cars in 1929. Two of the department's marketing specialists who conducted an inquiry, J. W. Park and Brice Edwards, declare that an increasing volume of supplies also is being redistributed by truck from primary markets to smaller consuming centers.

The southern, Pacific Coast and some of the Middle Atlantic States are the principal sources of the mixed car shipments. Ninety-four per cent of the cars came from thirteen States during 1928 and 1929. Florida was first in mixed shipments in 1929, followed in order by California and Texas. The last-named led in mixed vegetable shipments, Florida in mixed citrus fruit, and California and Washington in mixed deciduous fruit shipments.

Some of the advantages claimed for mixed-car shipments are: That they widen distribution by increasing direct shipments to small markets where the dealers do not have the volume of trade to handle straight carloads; that the small markets receive products in a fresher condition than when redistribution is made from large markets; that they have an advantage over "less-than-carload" freight, express or truck distribution where refrigeration in transit and lower cost of transportation are possible; and that, under certain conditions, particularly early and late in a season and for certain commodities produced in small quantities, they are convenient.

Objections to the plan are: That the cost of assembling and loading is frequently greater than for straight carloads; that it is sometimes difficult to load mixed cars so as to prevent shifting; that some dealers declare the grade and pack in mixed cars are likely to be inferior to those in straight cars; that some combinations of fruits and vegetables are not adaptable to loading in mixed cars; that there is an irregularity of supply and lack of business connections in the shipping areas; that the practice of dealers in some small markets of pooling receipts of straight carloads operates against the development of the mixed-car business, and that short-time credit is not available to the purchaser.

Furthermore, freight rates on mixed cars generally have been considered unfavorable to the developing of this business, the rate, in many cases, being based upon the commodity in the car which takes the highest rate, and the minimum carload weight on the commodity which calls for the highest minimum weight. Some adjustments have been made in recent years, however, to correct this situation.

Mixed-car shipments to small markets are usually made on order and to meet the requirements of the purchaser.

The survey is mostly of interest to the grower because it shows the careful and methodical manner in which the problems of one particular branch of marketing have been studied. From such studies come knowledge, and from knowledge of the market come methods for overcoming the difficulties. The grower, we take it, cares little or nothing how a market likes its produce shipped, just so long as it will take the goods somehow. But the more conveniently and dependably the market can be served, the better the chance for disposing of produce and fruit at a profit.

Free For All

WHENEVER any individual, group, colony or nation wants to know about the most modern and up-to-date practices in agriculture off they post to California. Our universities and colleges are teeming with young and earnest youths who have been sent from all corners of the earth to find out how we do our farming; and commissions and parties from every part of the globe drop in on us frequently to learn how we grow, how we pack and how we market. Few weeks pass without the arrival of a delegation from some faraway land with some such purpose in mind.

Two officials of the Palestine Jewish Colonization Association are here now, studying irrigation methods in California. Five representatives of the Union of Soviet Socialistic Republics, all from Russian universities, have arrived recently to study farming and farm production on a large scale.

These are the latest, but we would not have to turn back in our files very far to find stories of others, from South American countries, from Spain and France and Africa, both north and south, from New Zealand, who want to get the newest developments in California agriculture.

None of them has been turned away without what they sought. We have no agricultural trade secrets. Our fields are open for their inspection; our machinery is ready for their study; our packing-houses have no doors barred to visitors. They are free to see what we do and how we do it. But if they want the brains that developed the machinery and the methods, that know how to get the most effective results, they have to pay high for we can use real ability in planting and planning, in packing and shipping at home.

Our Cover Page

Superior 62nd, herd sire of the Baldwin Ranch at Pleasanton, posed for the picture used as the cover page this week. Superior was grand champion Hereford bull at the California State Fair, and won extensively on the fair circuit in 1929. He'll come to the Christmas Live Stock Show in Los Angeles later on this year and may again meet Miss Lolita Alvarado, the young lady who helped him pose for his picture. Miss Alvarado is a California ranch girl and her confidence in the big bull is born of experience and familiarity with beef "critters" on the home ranch in the Tehachapi country.

On the Air

(Daily, at noon, KFI.)

October 27.—"Truck Crop Question Box," by F. H. Ernst, assistant farm adviser, Los Angeles county.

October 28.—"Citrus Frost Protection," by M. B. Rounds, Farm Adviser, Los Angeles county.

October 29—"Control of Citricola Scale by Dusting With Sulphur," by John P. Coy, agricultural commissioner, San Bernardino county.

October 30—"The Necessity of a Reforestry Department," by a representative of the Los Angeles County Forestry Department.

October 31—"Principles Followed by Successful Co-operative Associations," by M. B. Rounds, Farm Adviser, Los Angeles county.

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ED. W. HOPKINS, County Assessor, inspecting one of the avocado trees on the nine-acre orchard surrounding his home in the Whittier-La Habra foothill development of Edwin G. Hart, Inc.

Dry Farming Pays

Provided You Have Right Location and the Right Man

BEAUMONT.—Favorable soil and climatic conditions of the San Gorgonio Pass region have made dry farming a successful and important industry in this section of California ever since Powell Weaver established a ranch at the mouth of Edgar Canyon about 1845.

One man, with good land and modern machinery, can accomplish much at dry farming. Harry Phillips is dry farming 1250 acres on the Ocean-to-Ocean highway one mile east of Beaumont—and during the past season he harvested 240 acres of barley which averaged twenty-two sacks per acre. The barley was badly lodged and he estimates that about one-third of the grain was left on the ground. It will not be wasted, however, as a thousand sheep are being pastured on the stubble and will be kept there until the rainy season starts. Mr. Phillips received 50 cents per acre for barley stubble pasture this season. His barley was well filled and averaged 110 pounds per sack. From $1.10 to $1.25 per hundred was received on the ranch. Four hundred sacks of barley were kept with which to seed a large acreage of land summer fallowed for the next crop.

Mr. Phillips also harvested with his combine 160 acres of Kanota oats which averaged twenty-six 100-pound sacks per acre. Another seventy acres of Kanota oats was harvested with a binder and threshed with a stationary outfit averaging fifteen sacks per acre.

In addition to his grain crops, Mr. Phillips planted 130 acres to blackeyed beans, ten to pinto beans and eight to Canadian field peas. The blackeyed beans were planted the middle of May and pulled the latter part of August. A good stand was secured and a good output is expected. The Canadian field peas were planted as an experiment June 1, and matured in six weeks. The vines were small, but heavily loaded. The pinto beans also produced well.

Sheep pastured on stubble at grain ranch of Harry Phillips in San Gorgonio Pass.

In Reply—*by H.W.K.*

(Continued from Page Eleven)

times; a daily sprinkling will ordinarily suffice. I feel sure they will grow in the Riverside district. I've not seen any that I recall, but I have seen them at Redlands and the conditions are quite similar.

• • •

G. L.: From your description I think your phlox plants which are turning brown and dry and have mildew were not sufficiently fed during the summer. They really want a good, substantial soil and if they get ample nourishment they will not be susceptible to the red spider and mildew troubles which attack weak plants. Dust with sulphur early some morning when the sun is clear and also build up the food supply in your soil. Of course, if your plants are too crowded in their bed this well promote mildew troubles. In that case, thin out and make root divisions of your old plants.

• • •

Mrs. T.Y.: It is difficult to keep the delicate ferns in good condition in the house. The Bostons and coarser types are much more sturdy. Gas heat, dust and drafts all affect ferns. They do not want full sunlight, but can stand some. Be sure that water doesn't collect in the bottom of the fancy container beneath the pot, at any time. It is a good plan to take the fern outside and spray it with the hose frequently. If you can't do that, give it a cleansing shower in the bathtub. Castor oil won't do your fern any real good, contrary to the idea many people have on that subject. Use bone meal and stir up the soil now and then, adding some pulverized leaf mold.

• • •

Mrs. T. H. M.—Slips and cuttings are one and the same thing. They should be taken from thoroughly healthy plants and each should be not more than three or four inches long. They should be cut with a sharp knife, not broken from a plant. Very little leaf should be left, as all the vigor it has is needed for root production. They are best rooted in clean sand.

• • •

Miss R. A. R.—Both kniphofia and tritoma are correct botanical names for the plant commonly called red hot poker or torch lily. Yet, there are miniature forms which are, nevertheless, true tritomas. In California, there is no need whatever to take them up during the winter. Leave them undisturbed where they are, provided they are well situated.

Some More Ornamentals

(Continued from Page Twelve)

'round charm of color accent that is needed to really set off the green of other plants. You may discover for yourself what an interesting family the cupheas are, all different, all worth having. You will recognize the variety ignea, which we call the firecracker plant, but you'll discover some others you never knew about before. The bouvardias will win you and you'll be forced to select from several varieties that are delightfully appealing. You'll look at the lacy growth of the podocarpus, or fern pine, and wonder why you've never realized how lovely it is and how very useful. Oh, the possibilities are multitudinous! Surely, if we take a little time to get some information about these plants we will add variety to our plantings, much beauty and a world of satisfaction and get away, once and for all, from the everlasting trinity of coprosma, cotoneaster and pittisporum. These three plants are good ones, and they have some varieties of exceptional merit. We want to retain them. But there is no sense in letting them "hog" the picture, is there?

Uncle Ab says never make excuses which belittle your own efforts.

They're "Dolling Up"

(Continued from Page [illegible])

penters are making swings and teeter-totters for children. Another citizen remembered than he had a set of horse shoes at his house, and brought them over. Another set posts in cement. The lumber company donated lumber, and the boys in manual training made benches under supervision of their teacher. The postmaster said he had some young poplar trees that were well rooted, and these will be set out in the fall.

The garage men are waiting for their turn. Vacant lots adjacent to their stations are to be leveled and sown to California poppies and other wild flowers. In short, the people of Roscoe have been bitten by the "city beautiful" bug.

The project will represent a very small outlay in money, but will be invaluable as a community asset.

Plans are now under way to sponsor a "plant exchange day" next spring. All who have plants, seed, cuttings or trees that they do not want, will bring them to the exchange and take away a plant or a tree that will be suitable for their needs.

If the "city beautiful" idea holds out, it is very probable that there will also be a tree-planting program in Roscoe in the spring. Park bonds have been voted and work will probably start this fall on the park, which is situated in the center of Roscoe. An effort will be made to beautify the surroundings with drought-resisting trees and shrubs.

Roscoe, which is the center of airports, is probably viewed from the air as much as any other town in Southern California, and the people are waking up to the fact that she should "doll up" a bit and look her prettiest if she is to attract favorable notice.

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FARM and GARDEN
Magazine of the Sunday Los Angeles Times

Just in Case, You Know---

The Heater's a Mighty Good Form of Crop Insurance When Our "Unusual" Weather Comes Along

By Charles Barrett

WINTER (or what Southern California calls "winter") is at hand, you may be sure, when citrus frost prevention meetings are scheduled. In Los Angeles county they will be held November 6 and 7, four of them, programmed as follows: November 6 at 7:30 p. m., at the Pomona Fruit Growers' Exchange, Pomona; November 7 at 9:30 a. m. at El Ranchito Citrus Association plant, Rivera; at 2 p.m., at North Whittier Heights Citrus Association plant near Puente, and at 7:30 p. m. at Charter Oak Citrus Association plant near Covina. Floyd D. Young, United States meteorologist stationed at Pomona, will be the speaker at the meetings, which will be in charge of M. B. Rounds, farm adviser of Los Angeles county. Demonstrations will be made by manufacturers of orchard heating equipment.

Growers of citrus fruits would do well to attend one of these meetings, for sun-spot reading surely has not progressed far enough for us to be able to look ahead and see what is in store in the way of weather. Farmers, one of our agricultural extension service men says, are only human, and, like most other folk, inclined to leave the barn door open. If they have escaped killing frost for a season or two, they shy off when expenditure for heating equipment is suggested. When they have been hit, and have some of their crop, they are more susceptible to advice.

Mr. Rounds, who will conduct the forthcoming meetings, had an illuminating personal experience with frost when he was operating a Southland grove a number of years ago. It was about 1912 that he installed heating equipment. It was in 1913, winter of evil memory to growers of subtropic crops, that his equipment paid for itself many and many times over.

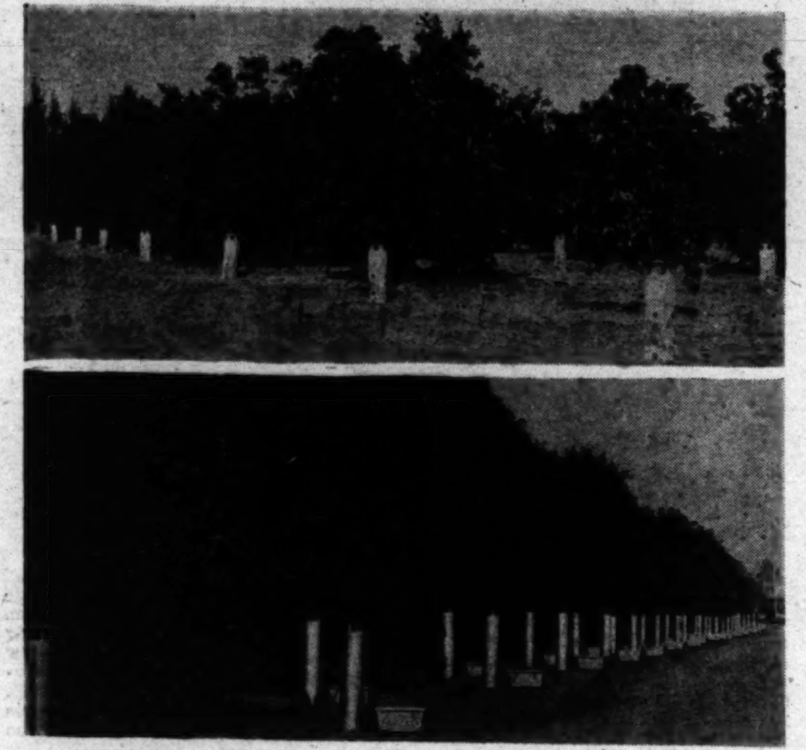
The proper way to consider the matter, the extension service declares, it to strike a ten-year average on costs and incomes, and to consider as primary factors the overhead and operating costs of heating and the probable savings which may result. The production per acre of the grove and the average price received for the fruit are of great importance, it is declared, in determining the probable profits to be derived from heating. In short, the average value of the crop is an extremely important consideration when the question of "to heat or not to heat" comes up for decision.

As for preventing frost damage it will be noted, that orchard heating, by some conflagration or other, is the only method to be undertaken. Federal and State men have tried almost everything ever offered as a palliative for too much cold in the grove, and have settled on artificial warming of the air as the only practical way to control the situation.

To most people, the proposal to "heat up all outdoors" would sound like a rather futile undertaking. Heated air rises and floats away, and that's that, they say. So general is this notion that the farming experts take time and printer's ink to show how heating all outdoors is actually accomplished by a blaze near the ground. It's simple enough after one is told.

Temperature Inverted

When light settles down, the ground begins to radiate the heat which the sun has stored in it. The ground thus becomes cold. This heated air rises, and the remaining air, warmer than the ground, begins to give the ground its heat. Thus the air near the ground becomes cold. Being cold, it stays down below the warmer air. This condition gradually grows, until we have a case of "the nearer the ground, the colder the air." Up quite a way from the ground, the air may not be so warm as right around the kitchen stove, but it is not cold enough to damage an orange tree. Down in the neighborhood of the tree, it may be just a few degrees colder, but the frost point is a critical one, and that little difference in temperature may be all the difference between safety and sorrow.



Two types of heaters and two kinds of protection for frost-threatened orchards. The double row of sturdy oil burners shown below is all ready to ward off cold from the borders of the Rancho Grande at Azusa. Above are pictured coke burners in the heart of a citrus planting.

This gradually increasing warmness of the air the farther it is from the ground is known as "inversion of temperature," and upon it is based the theory of orchard heating.

Let us now take one of these modern, efficient heaters which Southern California mechanical genius, largely, has developed, light it, and see what happens. The heater warms the air about it, and the air rises. As it rises it mixes somewhat with the cold air about it, and its temperature thus is lowered. It continues to rise and mix, thus growing colder until its temperature approaches that of the air about it. As it rises, the air about, being higher above the ground, is less cold. Eventually, and not so very far up, it reaches the ceiling" where it is no warmer than the atmosphere.

There, just below the ceiling, it stops rising, because it is no longer any warmer than any of the rest of the air. Suppose this ceiling is of about 33 degrees F., a safe temperature from the orchardist's point of view, although not so pleasant to the human organism controling the heating operations.

The new air, stopping just below the ceiling, becomes itself the new ceiling, and so, gradually, the blanket of safe temperature descends like a blessing upon the suffering trees below.

If you want to see the graphs and figures obtained in actual tests, as well as to delve more deeply than one can do in this rather brief exposition, ask your county farm adviser or the College of Agriculture at Berkeley for the latest revised circular, No. 40, of the California Agricultural Extension Service, "Frost Protection in California Orchards," compiled by three very able men, Warren R. Schoonover, extension service specialist in citriculture; Robers W. Hodgson, associate professor of subtropical horticulture, and Mr. Young, above-mentioned, a senior meteorologist of the United States Weather Bureau. This booklet discusses the whole matter of heating, from soup to nuts.

If you have this "inversion of temperature" idea well in mind, it is easy to see why a number of small heaters are better than a few great big ones. Big ones would throw off a big lot of heat, and very hot air would rush upward, "bust" the ceiling, and in very truth, start trying to heat up all creation.

To get the most out of one's investment in heating equipment, when the time of stress and strain comes, one should of course avoid mistakes, and the commonest mistakes are well known and have been listed.

Keep Enough Equipment

There is the matter of insufficient equipment. Growers sometimes have a tendency to equip on the basis of average rather than of extreme conditions, the State experts declare. Extra protection around the borders of the orchard is not to be skimped. Fuel may be wasted, or loss of fruit sustained, through inadequate knowledge of temperatures. Properly chosen, tested, and placed thermometers are necessary. Your farm adviser can help you with that.

Torches in working order are just as important as clean, well-stocked heaters. Crops have been lost because old fuel in torches refused to act satisfactorily, the more volatile portions having evaporated.

Bowl covers not tightly set down on the heaters may make them refuse to burn properly. Improper placing of the down-draft tube or plate may cause the heater to go out after it has been lighted. The heater should be tightly put together, with no parts missing. Failure to remove soot from stacks, or to refill the heaters after a few hours burning, will make lighting difficult. On the other hand, too thorough a cleaning, especially in the draft parts, or too full a filling of oil, will make trouble. Regulation of tall or medium stack heaters too soon after lighting will result in trouble. Rain water in the oil, as the result of stack covers being left off, regulating holes stuck shut with paint, kicking of frozen movable parts instead of heating them with a torch, and general incompetence or unwillingness of workers to undergo the inconvenience and hard work of close attention to the job on a cold dark night, are other common causes of trouble.

As to fuels used in the citrus districts of Southern California, oil and briquets are generally resorted to, though from a theoretical standpoint, anything which throws out sufficient heat units would be all right if supplied with a proper burner or container. Many different grades of oil, from heavy to light; coal briquets, both of coal and carbon; wood, a coal dust asphaltum, sawdust-niter mixture and discarded auto tires have been used at times. From a practical standpoint, there is little doubt that the growers have settled down to those fuels which give the best results at the least cost. Wood has been found to have entirely too large a labor bill attached to its use. Electric power has been suggested as a source of heat, but is too expensive, since it takes a lot of kilowatts to make enough outdoors heat, even for a small place.

As for the type of oil to be used in heaters using that fuel, practically all of the oil companies now have a special orchard-heater fuel, of a low asphaltum content, especially prepared for the work at hand.

Other Crops Saved

In Southern California we generally think of heating in connection with citrus and with avocados. But the use of heating instruments is spreading. Olive men are saving their crops from early fall frosts with them. Deciduous men are stopping damage from late spring invasions of cold, which sometimes do considerable damage while burgeoning buds are young and tender. Winter-grown potatoes have been protected by them, as well as other low-growing crops such as strawberries, truck crops, and, in the east, cranberries.

Here again, such protection should depend upon the relative value of the crops to be saved. If the percentage of the crop to be brought through will not pay for the protection, obviously the plants or vines should be allowed to shift for themselves. Heating should always be considered as a form of crop insurance. Instead of paying a premium for a policy, one pays for the heaters, the fuel, the labor involved in the operation, the depreciation, and the interest on investment. All this should be averaged as to annual cost.

There is this to be said in favor of the heater form of insurance: One may pay a premium on fire insurance for all his life and never suffer from a blaze, but one may be reasonably sure, in Southern California as elsewhere, of some damage every few years from frost.

Calculating the loss as the gross value of the crop, less expense of picking, packing and other charges, one often finds frost

(Continued on Page Six)

The Poultry Yard

"Turks" Predominate

Holiday Birds Feature of Show Held at Victorville

VICTORVILLE.—Quite appropriately, the feature of the recent poultry show held in connection with the annual San Bernardino County Fair here was turkeys, an unusual display evincing the popularity of the big holiday bird in this high, dry land to which they seem to take so kindly.

In the Bronze class, George Siemon of Hinkley took first old tom and Maxine McGovern of the same community, second. Mr. Siemon took all three places for yearling hens. For young toms, Merritt Wier of Helendale, Adelanto Spring Ranch, Adelanto, and Wynn Chaplin of Adelanto took "one, two, three." For young hens, the Spring Ranch was first, C. L. Jackson of Adelanto second, and Mr. Chaplin third.

In the White Hollands, F. Bogey had first young tom, Herman Mausolf second, and Turkey Farms, Inc., third. All of these entries were from Adelanto, C. G. Lewis of Roxbury Ranch, Victorville, took all awards for Blacks, and Robert Jardine of Hinkley the same for Narragansetts. Adelanto Spring Ranch was given a special award for best display of turkeys.

In the chicken classes, utility breeding, as practiced by local people, predominated. Adelanto Hatchery and H. A. Shannon of Lucerne took awards for Barred Rocks, L. E. Strong of Adelanto ran away with the Rhode Island Red awards, Mrs. Eva Flanagan of Lucerne Valley took all awards on Jersey White Giants, and R. O. Paterson's Adelanto White Leghorns were in the winning. Bert Yewell of Adelanto took home a couple of ribbons for his Guinea fowl, and J. A. Strong of the same community placed with a pen of bantams. Mr. Yewell took all awards for White Muscovy ducks, while S. S. Hill of Barstow and J. C. Rouse of Adelanto were awarded ribbons for their Pekins.

Baldy Mesa Game Farm got a first award for a showing of game birds, and Otto Rausch of Victorville and Joe Parisia of Barstow won first and second on exhibition ducks.

James Sprague of Ontario took home all awards for Homer pigeons. Junior department winners included Eunice and Eddie Nicholson, Dick Dawson Jr., Don Martin, Harold Dunnigan, and E. E. Freshwater, all of Victorville and Claire Seymour of Hinkley.

E. I. Hammond of Riverside acted as judge of the poultry, and Wynn Chaplin of Adelanto as superintendent of the show.

Winners in the rabbit department included Mrs. M. H. Bullock, Hinkley; and Jim Hudelson and Ernest Adams of Victorville.

In the stock show, Waterman Ranch of Barstow, and Red Circle Ranch and Alfred Day of Oro Grande were winners with Holsteins. S. S. Hill of Barstow was sole winner in the Jerseys. E. N. Decker of Oro Grande got ribbons for his Percherons, Hamiltonian and saddle horses.

Red Circle took all awards on Chester White and Poland China hogs. A. W. Hall took a first with Berkshire, and Mr. Decker two ribbons on Duroc-Jerseys. Earl Thomason of Baldy Mesa and a first on a pen of Angora goats. Waterman Brothers of Barstow won with Hampshire and Merino sheep.

Light-colored walls in the kitchen reflect and diffuse light and help to make the room a convenient workshop.

The desert makes 'em healthy—tots and turkeys alike. Little Miss Elinor, daughter of Wynn Chaplin, poultry adviser for the Adelanto community and proprietor of the Wynn Chaplin turkey hatchery there, poses at the recent San Bernardino County Fair in Victorville with a prize "turk" exhibited by the Spring ranch, Adelanto.

Notes From the Field

A Visalia poultry firm is assisting the Boy Scouts there in securing badges of merit for poultry keeping. The hatchery will give each boy entering the event fifteen eggs, the use of the incubator, and instruction as to care of the chicks. When the eggs are hatched, each boy will take his chicks home, raise them on feed supplied by the sponsor, and at the end of two months, kill and dress them, offering them for sale at a Boy Scout "chicken day." Profits from the sales will be presented to the various troops represented in the project.

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Louis L. Larson's pen of ten hens won the recently completed 1929-30 egg-laying contest at the Chaffey trapnest station, Ontario, with a total of 2464 eggs. George D. Sansome's pen was second with 2452, and Charles Williams's third with 2327. High hen was the property of George D. Newport; it was the only bird to "break" 300 eggs, its total for the year being 303. Of all hens entered, 54.6 per cent laid 200 or more eggs, and 11.7 laid 250 or more. The average for all hens was 189 eggs.

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The annual survey of turkeys being produced this season in Riverside county has been completed by N. L. McFarlane, assistant farm adviser of that county, and shows a total of 24,371 birds to be marketed this year, not including "back yard" flocks. This figure is slightly in excess of last year's, when 20,396 turkeys were produced. Perris Valley leads with 6283, Riverside and vicinity being second with 4959. Coachella Valley and San Gorgonio Pass together total 3740, Palo Verde Valley has 3276, Hemet and San Jacinto, 2254, Elsinore, 2167, and Corona, 1692.

Ornamental Gourds

(Continued from Page Twelve)

subordinating the design to the plant material. Usually a small design around the edge is sufficient. Another method is to apply a thin wash-coat of desired color to the gourd rubbing it off a bit to get an antique effect.

Before me is a tiny gourd with simple design in shades of soft green and pale rose. This holds a pot of the blue-green Sedum dasyphyllum, which bears pale pink blossoms. Another larger one, done in green and orange tones, contains a specimen of Sedum adolphi, a fleshy-leaved type, in varying shades of yellow, green and copper. A large rather long handled Club variety which happened to be flat on one side has the top of the upper side removed, the inside scooped out and is painted soft violet inside, with the outside painted to harmonize. This makes an admirable sewing basket. At Thanksgiving, filled with fruit, nuts and raisins, and gay colored hard candies, with grape leaves twined about, it was a most appropriate centerpiece for the festive board.

Still another large gourd with curved handle, which fits nicely under one's arm, makes an invaluable recepticle when we go gathering seed or flowers. A gourd when used for a birdhouse seems to fit more naturally into Nature's scheme of things, than the elaborate man-made ones. Again, if you raise poultry in the old-fashioned way, grow some of the variety known as "Nest Eggs."

Fill a wooden chopping bowl with the various small, colorful gourds and place on either the indoor or garden dining table. You will find it a much more attractive centerpiece than artificial fruit.

Best beloved of our gourd treasures, is a sizable vase which is decorated very simply about the upper edge in shades of dull red, green, and black. Purple petunias and dark red snapdragons are almost as lovely in it as are the soft rose red (without the characteristic yellow edge) gaillardia ambylodon, which at the moment provide the spot of interest on an old mahogany chest.

Why not a gourd adventure of your own?

The California Farm Bureau Federation is contemplating the organization of a State-wide poultry department at its annual meeting, to be held November 10 at Asilomar, Monterey county.

Rainy Day Hints

Drafts, Dampness, Parasites and Filth Are Enemies

By Leo E. H. Koch

Rainy days are coming, and with them the question, for the poultryman, of tight, dry houses for the birds.

Long hot summer days may have caused tarred paper roofs to dry and shrink. In order to prevent possible leaks, they should be gone over quite thoroughly with a good protective roof paint, since leaks will make the house damp, and disease may follow as a direct result. Several good paints made expressly for this purpose are available.

While painting, it would be a good idea to go over the various parts of the house to preserve the wood. A paint with a creosote base will help prevent rotting and will have a tendency to check the invasion of germs and insects.

Before putting a batch of new chicks in the brooder house, one should spray or brush whitewash on the walls, and clean and disinfect the floors thoroughly. Completely sanitary conditions will be an assurance that no germs remain behind from former occupancy, and in this regard it is always better to be safe than sorry.

The floor covering in the brooder should be dry, dustless and clean. Peat moss is becoming quite a popular material for this purpose. It is absorbent, clean and dry, and when impregnated with chick droppings, it becomes a very good garden fertilizer, since it is mulchy in texture and holds moisture like a sponge.

In the winter time, feed bins should be placed in a clean and dry place. Dampness causes mildew, spoilage and consequent danger of disease. Old sacks should be disposed of before they collect dirt and make trouble.

Yards should be cleaned of old feathers and filth and spare yards should be ploughed up or spaded. Roosts and nests should be disinfected and painted with mite destroyer of some kind, since these bugs are tenacious of life and spend most of their time in crevices about the building.

Avoidance of drafts, dampness, filth and parasites will increase winter egg production and the farm income.

A light lunch after school of milk, bread and butter or fresh fruit is desirable for hungry boys and girls.

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Our Neighbors

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF AGRICULTURAL ACTIVITIES IN THE SOUTHWEST

Porterville By the end of the first week in October, 400 bales of cotton had been ginned at the Porterville plant of the J. G. Boswell Company, with the harvest just begun. There are about 12,000 acres of cotton in this district this season, according to Manager Claude Jones of the local gin. This acreage includes sections of Poplar, Woodville, Saucelito and intervening territories. The crop is said to be about normal with labor conditions favorable.

A fine field of corn, produced at an elevation of more than 4700 feet, was grown this season on the mountain ranch of J. J. Abernathy, on the Balch Park Road, near Happy Camp. Mr. Abernathy had an acre devoted to field corn, with stalks ten to twelve feet in height and bearing large ears of corn. This corn developed entirely without irrigation, and the only cultivation was done in March. Mr. Abernathy lives alone at his mountain ranch, and besides the corn, grows many other field crops and some vegetables.

Due to unfavorable market conditions, the shipping of pomegranates from this district has been halted temporarily. The crop this year is said to be exceptionally heavy and of fine quality, but the fruit has been bringing only from $1.30 to $1.80 per box, according to report. To date, about 125 cars have gone out from this and the Zante district.

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Brawley Dusting of fields by airplane is now an established practice in Imperial Valley. A commercial plane now in the valley has contracted to dust about 20,000 acres, which will keep the operator busy until December. Most of the dusting is done very early in the morning.

Olive harvesting has been taking place in the Gifford grove near Wiest, east of Brawley. This is a forty-acre planting. Olives are boxed at the grove and sent by truck to the packing plant at San Diego. The yield this year is said to be unusually good

The first of the winter cattle feeders have begun to arrive. Twenty-one cars came in recently to be fattened by the San Pasqual Land and Cattle Company. It is expected that fully 100 cars will arrive this month, with perhaps as many as 300 arriving in November. Last year 239 cars arrived in Brawley.

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Moreno Through the efforts of the Moreno-Armada Farm Center, the Supervisors of Riverside county have enacted an ordinance which protects ranchers from careless hunters. Lives of residents of Moreno Valley and elsewhere in the county have been menaced by shots fired at random near their ranches and animals have been killed. The main provisions of the new ordinance, effective November 4, make it unlawful for any person except an officer acting in line of duty to shoot a rifle within 1000 yards or a shotgun or other weapon within 300 yards of a highway or dwelling.

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McFarland Shipments of Thompson Seedless grapes have been a long-season proposition in this district, with this variety going forward as a table grape well along into the fall. The Thompsons were held on the vines by late irrigation, and as the season became later and later, the grapes, a bright yellow and sweet as sugar, brought good prices, it is reported by S. M. McCawley, horticultural inspector for the district. Some Olivette Blanches and Almerias were going forward in October, with Emperors, the "last word" in the California season, just about ready to start marketward. Alicantes for juice have been moving, also. During the week of September 30-October 6 ten cars of grapes left this station.

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Imperial The first car of fall asparagus left Imperial Valley October 1. This was an express car and was followed four days later by the first freight car. Shipments are made from the Imperial precooling plant, the asparagus being trucked there for this purpose.

Miss May Sheppard, Fallon, Nev., sixteen years old, is the champion milker of her State. She won the honor at the recent Nevada State Fair when she defeated all comers, by coaxing the milk from a Holstein bossy at the rate of a pound of milk every 15.4 seconds.

Reno, Nev. Nevada sheep and cattle men may save money this year by purchasing wheat instead of corn for emergency winter feeding, according to Prof. V. E. Scott of the State Agricultural Extension Service, who has been analyzing values and costs of various feeds. If wheat be used, he declares, it should be purchased in carlots and fed in troughs. It has a greater feed value than corn, and a bushel of wheat, weighing sixty pounds as compared with fifty-six for corn, would be worth more, even if it had no more feeding value. When corn is worth $1 per bushel, says Prof. Scott wheat is worth $1.07 per bushel when fed to poultry and sheep, and $1.12 when fed to hogs and cattle.

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Lindsay As it has done for several years past, the Lindsay Chamber of Commerce will help defray the cost of providing the frost-warning service for growers of the district during the coming season. C. C. Allen, government meteorologist who has had charge of the Federal station here for several seasons, will be at Lindsay again this year.

The annual Tulare County Citrus Institute, scheduled for the second week in October here, has been postponed until spring, and will probably be held in February.

The annual report of Manager R. H. Shoemaker, read at a recent meeting of the Lindsay-Merryman Citrus Exchange, showed that during the past year 895,583 boxes of citrus fruit had been sold by the exchange, of an f.o.b. value of $4,283,187.92. The highest prices in the fifteen years of service of the exchange were realized during the past season, the report showed. All the former officers and directors were retained for the 1930-31 term in an election held at the meeting. They include Charles K. Towt, president; J. Frank Wright, first vic-president; H. O. Mason, second vice-president; W. S. Cairns, treasurer; R. H. Shoemaker, secretary-manager; McKee Mhoon, Martin McLees, E. B. Brigham, E. I. Brown, Adrian Elliott, J. S. Graves, C. A. Glenn, S. E. Walters, Charles P. Burr, R. O. MacDonald, and E. K. Walls, directors.

Fontana Dr. J. H. Miller is president, F. P. Williamson, vice-president, and Jacob Funk, formerly field man for the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, is secretary-manager of the reorganized Fontana Citrus Association. J. D. McGregor is the association representative on the district board of the San Bernardino county fruit exchange. Announcement was made to this effect at a recent regular meeting of the Fontana Chamber of Commerce. From now on the bulk of Fontana's citrus will be marketed through its own association, which is affiliated with the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. The association has a fine packing-house here, with ample capacity to handle Fontana's citrus crops. The new manager, Jacob Funk, has had years of experience with the exchange.

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Riverside Ray Hall was unanimously re-elected director of the Perris Valley Farm Center at the annual meeting held at the Val Verde school October 10. Paul Murray was named vice-president and Vincent Claypool was again elected secretary-treasurer. More than 100 ranchers and their families attended.

Citrus shipments from the Riverside district have passed the 3100-car mark. The season will end October 31.

A large dairy barn belonging to the Sherman Indian Institute at Arlington was destroyed by fire October 7. Valuable milking machinery and 100 tons of hay were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $10,000 and there was no insurance.

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Calipatria Thirty-five hundred of the Balfour-Guthrie holdings near this city are now in alfalfa, the planting having been gradually increased during the last few seasons. Another 640 acres is in milo, vegetables and barley.

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Indio Early in October the first carload of dates was shipped east, billed to Chicago, by the Deglet Noor Date Growers' Association. The crop this year is reported as the best ever seen on the market.

Phoeniz, Ariz. Lettuce growers in Imperial Valley and Salt River Valley are using too much water to get their seed to germinate, declares Prof. M. F. Wharton of the University of Arizona, who has been studying early germination for three years. Seed has been set out as early in September as temperatures will warrant, and water has then been run along the beds for from one to five days to keep the soil cool enough for germination. Prof. Wharton believes this expensive and useless. Heat is transferred through water, while coolness comes with evaporation. His plan is to wet the seed bed until night, then shut off the water and turn it on again only as the soil appears to be drying out. To prove his contention, he successfully germinated seeds by this method in August, with temperatures of more than 100 degrees in daytime and not less than eighty at night. He has one field at Mesa that grew nicely with an irrigation of only twenty-four hours, as compared with an average of seventy-two hours. This field was planted two weeks ahead of the general planting time.

The probable yield of corn in Arizona is set at thirty-three bushels an acre in the October crop report of M. R. Wells, agricultural Statistician for this State. If realized, this production will be the highest in ten years. Oats show an increase also, with an indicated average yield of thirty-four bushels an acre. Grain sorghums are 88 per cent of normal, with an expected average yield of thirty bushels. With approximately 60,000 acres in these, the total crop should be 1,800,000 bushels. Alfalfa hay, 75 per cent of the State's tame hay crop, will yield about four and a half tons an acre, while grain hay should run about one and a half tons. In spite of grasshopper damage is some sections, the crop should run about 90 per cent of normal. New acreage of citrus fruit coming into bearing, Maricopa county being the center of production, is evidenced in the report. Grapefruit is estimated at 85 per cent of normal, oranges 87 per cent, both crops being in very satisfactory condition, with fruit of good size and coloring well. Carlot shipments of grapefruit have started from Maricopa county.

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Redlands The winter season for the fruit growers of the Redlands district was given an auspicious opening early in October with a two-inch rain. A rain of such proportions early in October not only does away with the necessity of irrigating for a long time, but also does a lot to help fill the surface soil and the underground reservoirs drawn on so heavily during the summer months. The report shows that the heaviest and best rain was in the San Bernardino Mountains and around the high peaks. Bear Valley had two inches of rain, the canyon stations reported close to two inches and Redlands groves received about two inches. There was not much snow in the mountains with this first rain as it was so warm that what snow fell soon melted.

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Reseda Samples of Hopi lima beans will be placed on display here for the purpose of showing growers what has been done in the three years of experimentation with this bean in San Fernando Valley. The exhibit will show the plant and threshed samples. Hopi No. 2000 is being shown with the others as not the most desirable variety. Reports are that the best Hopi varieties are superior to the ordinary baby limas for this valley in both yield and quality.

• • •

Santa Ana Avocados have found a new use here, as a shortening for bread. Charles E. Camm, local inventor, has applied for letters patent on an avocado emulsion, which he combines with gluten flour, lima bean flour, soy bean flour, and sage honey, a combination designed to produce an alkaline reaction in the human economy. Manufacture of the bread has been begun. Calabo Growers' of California assisted the local man in developing the product.

Little Farm Homes

Ross H. Gast

Don't Delay Entering the Annual Small Farm Homes Contest

OWNERS of small farm homes, from half an acre to two acres in extent and inside the limits of Los Angeles or Orange counties, should plan now to enter their places in the second annual small farm homes contest sponsored by Farm and Garden Magazine and the Los Angeles County Chamber of Commerce.

The notice of intention to enter should be filed before February 1, 1931, with Ross H. Gast, contest manager, Farm and Garden Magazine, The Times, Los Angeles. The entrant should then get out his camera or his friend's camera, and keep a nice pictorial record of the progress of plantings, and the appearance of the house and grounds. A neatly laid-out ground plan and a letter of not more than 750 words should be prepared, showing and telling how the entrant has taken advantage of conditions, and overcome difficulties.

The entrant will have until midnight of June 30, 1931, to get this matter into the hands of the contest manager, so it is suggested that notes be kept for the letter, and time be spent carefully on the ground plan during the spring growing season.

The letter should answer the following questions in some fashion, although the answers need not be tabulated: (1) Why did you seek the small farm home as a place to live? (2) What advantages in personal satisfaction and better living have you found in the small farm home? (3) where is the head of the family employed and in what capacity? (4) How many hours a day are spent in the maintenance of the small farm home place? (5) Have your plantings and your poultry yards contributed substantially to your table; to your actual living? (6) What suggestions would you give to prospective small farm home purchasers in order that they may take up this mode of living successfully?

The entrant further should state into which of three classes his or her place falls, Class 1 being for half-acre homes, Class 2, one acre, and Class 3, more than an acre and not more than two acres.

Three prizes, $25, $10 and $5, will be awarded in each class, and Farm and Garden Magazine reserves the right to publish all ground plans and photographs submitted, at the rate of $1 each, and the letters at regular space rates as paid its correspondents by this magazine.

The judges will visit those places which seem, on the basis of the letters and other material submitted, to be in a position to win a prize, and on this personal inspection will depend the final allotment of the awards.

It is desired at this time to point out that the poor man has as much chance in this race as the well-to-do "gentleman farmer." In the 1929-30 contest, most of the prizes went to very modest homes, where the owners had made exceptionally good use of what they had to work with. A half-acre place, with a tiny home, has an excellent chance if it is "homey" and worth while, an inspiration to others who toil to get out and share this small farm life which is so uniquely a part of the Southland.

An entry in this contest not only will give the entrant a chance to win a bit of pocket money, but will help this magazine and the Chamber of Commerce to impress upon city dwellers the happy part of life which they may be missing. True, not all city dwellers desire rural life, and it would be rather embarrassing to try to take care of all of them on small farm homes, but there are many thousands, doubtless, who are subtly discouraged with their present mode of living, persons who have sprung from an agricultural people, and who would be supremely happy were they to find what so many others have found, a country environment for their families coupled with city comforts and conveniences.

Farm and Garden received many entries in last year's contest, and the judges themselves found renewed inspiration in the visits made here, there, and everywhere in Southern California. But they "bit off more than they could chew," almost, in promising to visit every place entered in the contest, and scattered all over ten counties. So this year the contest has been limited to two counties, close by, and the letters, pictures and plans that come in will count for more. For this reason, the material should be prepared carefully and attractively, since worthy places may otherwise be ignored in the judging.

Small farm home owners should not delay. It is human to put off, just as it is human to say: "Oh, well, we haven't much of a place here!" Remember the other fellow has his troubles, too, but he may put in promptly for this contest and win a prize. Twenty-five dollars will buy a wonderful set of garden tools, with enough left over for a dazzling assortment of seeds or bulbs. Or it will fix one up with that much-needed fertilizer, or that incubator or brooder so long wished for. Or a wonderful lot of ultra-ultra chicks, of aristocratic lineage, to furnish the foundation for a flock such as one never dreamed of in the old days of barnyard hens.

Many entrants last year who failed to win a prize got a tidy sum for their published "stories."

The contest manager can't do more than tell about this opportunity, and urge that his readers cast off their inhibitions and their delay and sit down now to write: "Dear Mr. Gast: We have decided to enter our half acre in Class 1, etc.——"

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A Fig Business

Two Women and Three Trees Make Establishment

Mrs. Cora Patterson, right, and Mrs. Nina Hirschorn, her sister, who have made quite a success, on a modest scale, of fig preserving at their home in Monrovia.

How gratifying it would be if everyone undertaking a new enterprise could exclaim, as can Mrs. Cora Patterson, after her first year's success in preparing figs for the market: "Why, we couldn't supply the demand!"

And how equally gratifying if all producers could receive (as did she and her sister, Mrs. Nina Hirschorn) after one season's endeavor, an order for "more of the same kind" in a letter from the mistress of the White House.

The Patterson home lot, situated in the south end of Monrovia, is filled with many lovely growing things, flowers, shrubs, trees and grape vines, but the crowning glory and center of interest, at present is a group of three fine fig trees, two Missions and a Kadota.

The figs are large in size and juicy. Until last season's crop they were marketed as fresh fruit, but last summer the inspiration came to Mrs. Patterson that because of the size and quality of the figs, to say nothing of the quantity, for the trees are marvelous bearers, they would be better money makers if preserved. And so the work of preserving, pickling and candying was begun.

Just as the two sisters were making their start, they conceived the idea of entering a sample of their candied figs at the 1929 Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona. A blue ribbon was the result. This was an incentive.

The inspiration developed into a "fig shop," with an artistic sign placed at the front gate.

A north screened porch, ten by twenty feet, was turned into a cooking kitchen. A sink with running water was installed and this connected with the one inside in the house kitchen. Adjoining the sink, a table was built and covered with zinc, to be used as a drain board.

Then a long table was built to hold the burner gas plates, and being end to end, they afford the use of six burners at a time. At the other end of the porch two tables, with shelves underneath, were built. These accommodate the pans of figs as they are removed from the stoves, while they are cooling. An interesting device to protect the figs from the intrusion of ants is composed of fruit-jar tops filled with water, one being placed under each table leg.

Every precaution for sanitation is utilized. Each morning fresh newspapers are spread on the floor to catch drippings, and then burned later. The fig-filled pans, when standing, are covered with squares of white cotton mosquito netting.

The fruit is picked early in the morning, for three reasons. The early morning is the coolest part of the day. The figs do not have to stand for any length of time, but are transferred from the trees to the kettles as soon as possible. The birds fail to get their early morning breakfast from the choicest figs.

While the preparing and cooking of the figs were the largest part of the enterprise, the packing was no less important, and this part was accomplished by Mrs. Hirschorn with real artistic effect.

Dainty boxes, glass jars and baskets of all kinds were used as receptacles. These in turn were wrapped in the gayest of colors, sheets of transparent cellulose wrapper, gilt and gauze ribbons and colored papers being used. On some of the packages clusters of the coral-colored pepper berries were tied, giving a most festive effect.

So delighted with and proud of their success were they, that the Monrovia women sent a box of their product at Thanksgiving to the White House at Washington. a letter of appreciation and thanks was received from Mrs. Hoover, and later one containing an order for "more of the same kind."

This season the sisters are expecting to double their output, and the three beautiful fig trees in the back yard will more than justify their existence. The friends and neighbors of Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Hirschorn are more than serious when they predict a new and a most successful enterprise within the confines of Monrovia.

High When Early

There's Profit in Potatoes If You Catch First Market

The production of early potatoes should prove profitable here in California, according to Eugene Grubb of Princeton. The growing of these early spuds has had a great impetus in Europe, Mr. Grubb dedeclares, where they are even grown under glass, like cucumbers, grapes and other delicacies, often bringing 15 cents per pound when the old crop is selling as low as $6 or $7 per ton.

When the older potatoes are dry, mealy and lacking in the delicious waxiness of the new crop, epicures, both Continental and American, delight in the better kind, thereby running the price up.

In Germany, potato growers produce varieties having a large starch content, as much as 24 or 25 per cent, for the manufacture of potato flour spirits for fortifying cheap wines, for making power fuel, glucose for confections, and for other commercial uses. In that country, also, the smaller, waxier types are the ones used for the table.

One grower, J. M. Stutz of Chico, planted five acres late in August, Mr. Grubb reports, and harvested the crop in January, realizing handsome profit in the San Francisco market. While it is easy to overplant any one crop, Mr. Grubb believes that there are opportunities for the extension of the potato season, by very early production.

Distance is no handicap in dairy record clubs. A box of samples taken in Holland recently reached a testing laboratory in Wisconsin in good condition, after a twenty-one day trip.

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The productive ranch of George Blum near Acton—in summer and in winter. Real "back east" snows sometimes visit this mountain country—Mr. Blum says it puts tang in his fruit.

They'll Always Eat, Anyhow

THERE'S A CELLAR FULL OF GOOD THINGS AT THIS MOUNTAIN RANCH

By F. H. Colman

THE modern rancher, like the business man, thinks of his crops as a source of income and usually specializes in one or two of them, expecting to convert them into cash with which to pay his living expenses. He would be in a bad way, as a rule, if he tried to actually subsist on what he produces. The early pioneer, on the contrary, expected and managed to get the major part of his acutal living from his own soil. A few of these pioneer ranches still exist in Southern California and they hold for most of us a unique interest. The George Blum place near Acton is one of special interest because it comes very near to meeting the requirements of pioneer days even in these days of specialization. The Blums actually produce a goodly share of what they eat.

George Blum took up his homestead in Aliso Canyon in 1891. It was a year of heavy rainfall and Aliso Creek was running full from bank to bank, indicating an abundance of water. There was a considerable growth of trees along the creek and on the neighboring hills a covering of wild buckwheat and sage promised a good location for bees. Mr. Blum chose a location for his homestead just above the mouth of the canyon where the floor was wide enough and flat enough to make cultivation practicable. The land lies on a gradual slope that provides perfect drainage, but which also presents some problems in irrigation. Just below the ranch the canyon narrows somewhat, the hills projecting out into it so far as to form a narrow passage. This creates a draft and on the warmest days there is usually a breeze not found in the open valley below. In recent years these projecting hills have proved advantageous in that they isolate the orchard and make pest control more effective since, because of them, there is less danger of reinfestation from other orchards.

Honey First Crop

When the Blums moved to the ranch they brought with them nine swarms of bees and for a number of years honey was their chief money crop. At times they have had many hundreds of hives. In one year, 1915, these ranch folk say there was enough return from bees to go far toward completing the present commodious ranch house. The ranch still produces a good yield of alfalfa, sage and buckwheat honey for the market.

The family, while depending mainly on honey for income in those early days, was gradually clearing some of the land to grow vegetables and a little grain for stock. Some cows were allowed to range for most of their feed. There wasn't so much rainfall after 1891 and it soon became apparent that irrigation would have to be resorted to if a successful orchard was to be put out. Consequently, a dam was put in two miles above the ranch in Aliso Canyon and provision was made for a gravity system of irrigation. In 1908, the homesteaders laid close to a mile of concrete pipe to which they have since added until they now have over three miles of irrigation pipe. They have recently put in an additional reservoir and with two pumping plants, they are able to maintain their orchards quite nicely during the dry season. They have gradually cleared more land and put in trees until there is now a surprising variety of fruits.

Their apple orchard includes Rome Beauties, Arkansas Blacks, Ganos, Pearmains, Delicias, Yellow Newtons, Jonathans and crabapples; their pear orchard has Winter Bartletts, Winter Nellis and Cumice. An orchard supplying the small fruit for the family and also small amounts for market contains quinces, strawberry and Crawford peaches, nectarines, cherries, plums, prunes, walnuts, almonds, persimmons, apricots, o'ives and figs. Tokay, Rose tana and Muscat grapes thrive. The pears furnish the chief money crop and last year they packed sixty-five tons. The apple orchard yields about fifteen tons of fruit.

The Blum orchards are kept in the best of condition, as the two sons, George J. and William, take an active interest in the best methods of pruning, spraying, cultivating and pest control. There is a well-kept, vigorous appearance about everything that speaks of excellent and intelligent care. The results of this scientific care are superior fruits, as shown by the fact that products from these trees have taken a great number of blue ribbons at various fairs.

Mr. Blum when he came to the ranch nearly forty years ago began at once the construction of the stonework and the substantial buildings that now mark the place. He was a stone mason by trade and he found along the creek on his homestead an abundance of granite, which he cut himself, and cobblestones which he used most effectively. The first family home in fact, was a stone cabin. For roof Mr. Blum cut cedar trees from the canyon and made his own shingles. This building, with the same shingles, is still in use.

The owner, who came to this country from Switzerland, has the Old World idea of putting up buildings that will last and as a result one does not see the temporary type of building found on many modern ranches. He has added to the buildings gradually, each unit being constructed after careful planning as to the needs of the ranch. In addition to the barn, there are a number of useful buildings. There is a machine shop, constructed of stone, where you will find a carpenter's bench and woodworking equipment, also a small blacksmith shop with its forge and anvil where the ranch machinery is repaired. Here, too, one of the sons shoes the ranch horses and sharpens the tools used for stonecutting. In back of the machine shop there is a stone furnace for heating the water used for scalding the pigs that are still butchered for family use. This furnace is also used to liquefy honey. Next to the furnace is a stone smokehouse where home-smoked hams and bacon with the real old-fashioned flavor are prepared every year.

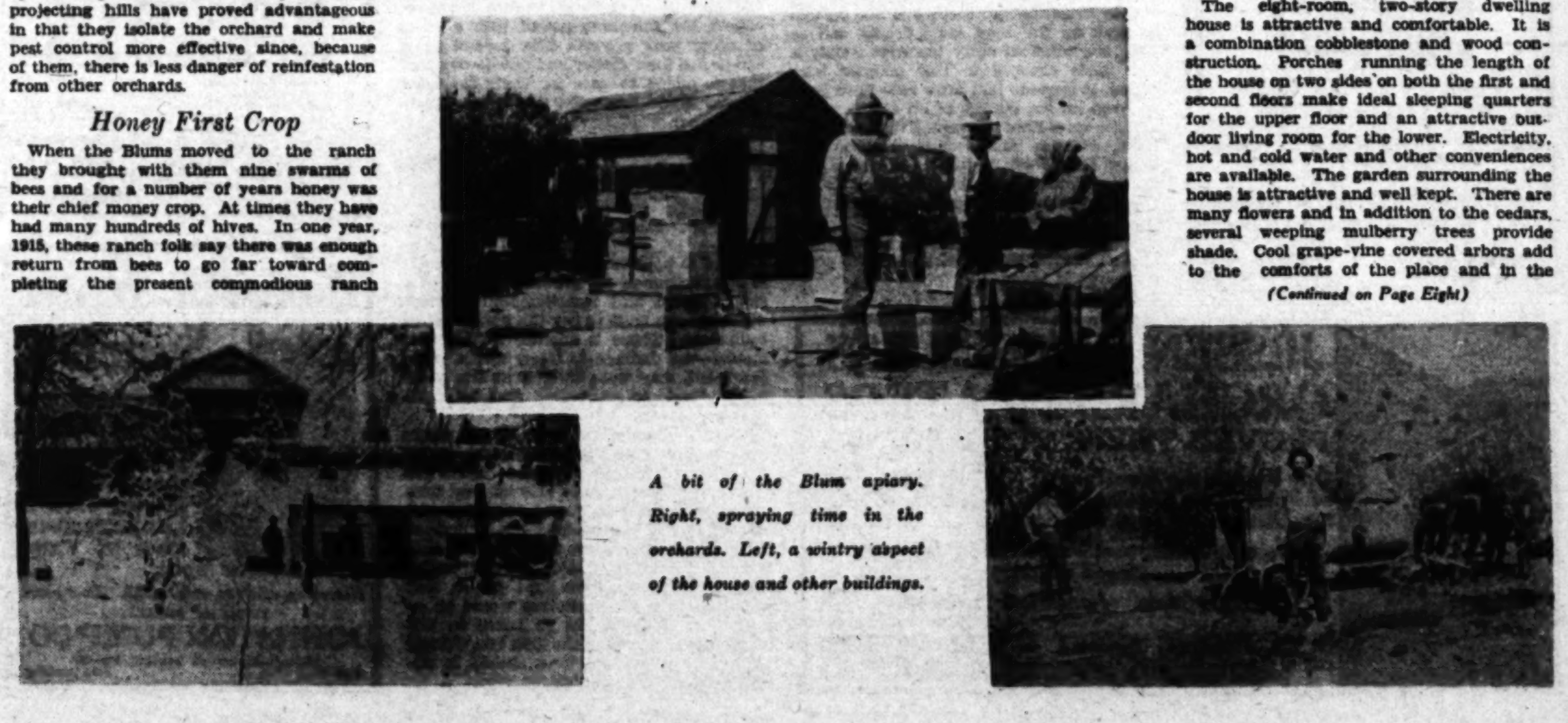
A Convenient Plan

On the slope of the hill above the machine shop there is an apple cooling and storage plant with a capacity of 2000 boxes of apples. This storage house is built into the side of the hill and is on the stone and cement construction usual on the ranch. On the level space provided by the roof, and forming a terrace, there is a vegetable garden for supplying the family needs.

The space occupied by the farm buildings is on a rather steep slope, the machine shop, poultry and pig houses and the smokehouse occupy the lower level, the apple house, the next level and the dwelling house, barn and garage, the highest point. In order to make the buildings accessible there are cobblestone walls supporting the road connecting the various structures. Cobblestone walls are also used to support terraces where native cedars have been planted. These cedars, in conjunction with the cobblestone walls and stonework, make an attractive setting for the house.

The eight-room, two-story dwelling house is attractive and comfortable. It is a combination cobblestone and wood construction. Porches running the length of the house on two sides on both the first and second floors make ideal sleeping quarters for the upper floor and an attractive outdoor living room for the lower. Electricity, hot and cold water and other conveniences are available. The garden surrounding the house is attractive and well kept. There are many flowers and in addition to the cedars, several weeping mulberry trees provide shade. Cool grape-vine covered arbors add to the comforts of the place and in the

(Continued on Page Eight)



A bit of the Blum apiary. Right, spraying time in the orchards. Left, a wintry aspect of the house and other buildings.

They're of All Sorts and Shapes and Have Many Uses

By Marion O. Toy

Like Jonah, we may at times be "exceeding glad" for the shadow of the gourd. Given sufficient water and proper support, these rapidly growing, climbing annuals will furnish shade in an amazingly short time. It is, however, the "fruit" of this vine which is of particular interest. The many members of the genus cucurbita, which we know of commonly as ornamental gourds are not only decorative but utilitarian and, in some varieties, edible.

The more familiar sorts, such as Dipper, Hercules Club, Sugar Trough, Spoon, and Calabash, are of the species Lagenaria vulgaris (Lagenaria from Latin, lagena, or bottle,) and this is probably the gourd of history. The popular Turks Turban (squash,) the egg, pear-shaped, and orange gourds are classified as Cucurbita pepo.

As to their edibility, we can vouch for the Turk's Turban. One day we recklessly decided to prepare one for dinner. It was one which had failed to produce the turban. We decided it was the best squash we had ever tasted. When properly developed, with orange base and three-part creamy cap, they are much too decorative to waste on the inner man.

Many varieties of the gourd group have in other countries been considered edible. One of these is the Luffa or Dish Rag gourd. It has a fibrous interior, and when dried makes an excellent sponge, while if eaten when young, it may be cooked like squash or used in stews and soups. One of the seed catalogues states that "when properly prepared this is very serviceable in many ways." Take your choice, your table or your bath.

For centuries natives of many lands have found numerous uses for these hard-shelled fruits as dippers, water jugs, etc. In Paraguay, natives drink their Ilex tea, or mate, from the shell of the pear-shaped variety. In South America musical instruments, known as guera, are made from larger types. In the old adobe house in the Los Angeles Paseo there is such an instrument, though probably of Southern California make. We have long heard of Calabash pipes, though they are usually not made of gourds, but from the fruit of a tropical tree.

If you would have a bit of real fun, plan to grow a few varieties of gourds the coming year. When the fruit begins to form each day brings new discoveries. The culture is much the same as for squash. The fruit matures late, so if you do not live in the South, give them a head start by planting seed indoors, transplanting out-of-doors when danger of frost is over. They will run on the ground of course, but experience says the better way is to provide a wire or lath support so that the fruit does not lie on wet ground and become discolored or misshapen. They require sun, at least part of the day, and much water.

The best rule is to allow the vine to become entirely dry before picking the fruit. Before using them, dry inside for a few months. Some of them, which when picked are plain green colored fruit, gradually turn shades of soft tan with darker markings which, if one possesses imagination, form very nice designs of their own. Those which are particularly lovely, we do not attempt to improve, but coat with shellac, and they have the patina of lovely old maple. It is wise to shellac all gourds whether to be decorated or not.

Nothing could be more stunning in a Spanish patio than one of the huge Hercules Clubs done in primitive design in bold colors, then placed casually for purely decorative effect. There is at present an increasing demand for this type. The smaller dipper gourds are delightful when almost half has been sawed away, the inside scooped out, and then shellaced and painted a solid color with outside decoration. These should be gone over twice if they are to serve in the kitchen as sugar scoops (there is a variety listed as Sugar Trough,) flour scoops or drinking cups. And, of course, you should have a large dipper in your garden; one feels quite "native" when drinking from one.

If you are not too modern, a small gaily colored one will make a splendid darner. Tiny ones with seeds inside to provide the rattle will amuse the baby, if the parent considers them sanitary. Bottle gourds, which look as though they had been squeezed in the middle or thereabouts, are sometimes lovely enough to serve the cause of beauty, but made into vases or flower pots, they are doubly attractive. Saw off the extreme top, scrape, shellac, add outer design, then varnish inside and out. A thick coating of paraffine in the base is advisable. Use an inner container, as water standing for a time will rot the gourd. For a vase, either a glass or tin will serve. When used as a flower pot it is best to place the plant in an ordinary clay pot, and set this into the gourd, the dirt used masking the actual plant container. The most charming effects can be achieved when design and colors are planned for the particular plant or flowers to be used,

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

Gourds of varying shapes and sizes, suitably handled for many purposes, can be useful, ornamental and decidedly "different." These in the picture were grown and decorated by Marion Toy of Van Nuys.

Some More Ornamentals

(Continued from Page Eleven)

satisfactory for us. They want a good loamy soil, but will tolerate a sandy soil if kept sufficiently moist. While they will survive full sun, for best results they should be planted in partial shade. Where a tidy, graceful shrub of medium height is wanted, the Myrtus communis compacta would be hard to beat, with its fine, shiny, deep green foliage and its delicate white flowers. This compact form of the older, more commonly used myrtus was an introduction by Edward Rust, one of our Southern California nurserymen, made several years ago and now very generally used and universally liked. Another indespensable plant of much lower habit of growth, which gives a glossy foliage, set with spines suggestive of English Holly is the mahonia, commonly called Oregon Grape. Then there is the ceratostigma, a shrub of several worthy varieties, the pick being, possibly, Wilmotti, with flowers a larger size and more rich blue than those more commonly used.

Among the shrubs which yield us a considerable amount of floral loveliness in addition to their fine foliage are the daphne, with the variety croerum particularly well liked; the geigelia, with its sprays of fragrant flowers tinted like crabapple blossoms; the abelia, almost too well known, but a good plant, just the same; Pleroma splendens, a most strikingly handsome plant, with large, intense purple bloom and grayish foliage, albeit a subject which will not stand frost; tamarix, so much used for the sake of the long plumes of soft pink bloom which are almost as delicate as mist; Gervillea thelemannia, a feathery mass of green starred with tufts of brilliant crimson; the buddleias and the brooms. All good, all suitable to our gardens, offering among them the right plant for almost any location you could name.

I think particular mention should be made of certain plants which are just the right thing for planting at seaside homes, subjects which wax hearty in the very spray of the salt waves. For instance, the veronicas. They do nicely in most interior locations, too—accommodating things they are—but they are most happy along the coast. That is, of course, the New Zealand varieties which have adopted us so heartily. And then, the old plant that most of us have forgotten—myoporum—as evergreen and glossy in foliage at the beach as the best coprosma in any garden. And there is Pittisporum crassifolum, a bit too coarse for our "dressier" gardens, but a gem for beach use. Incidentally, folks along the coast can afford to set out fuchsias at this season, whereas those interior run an awful chance of having the plant nipped with frost while its resistance is low.

This list hasn't covered the field completely, of course. It has been intended just to suggest the subject of such ornamentals to your mind at a time when you should be giving them heed. There are lots of new things, many worthy subjects that are not commonly known, much to interest you in the nurseries if you go prospecting for new planting material. You may encounter something not at all new but hitherto overlooked that will just suit you. It may be you never realised the possibilities in the silvery foliage of the elaeagnus, with its sweet-scented bloom in spring but a year

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Roscoe Folk Launch Interesting Beautification Program

If plans that are now forming in the minds of citizens in Roscoe, sixteen miles from Los Angeles on the San Fernando Road, materialize the vacant lots will blaze with California poppies and other wild flowers next spring.

The "city beautiful" idea started with a miniature golf course which was completed in August. Unconsciously, something else beside golf balls was started rolling. People started thinking. If, in two weeks' time, one vacant lot could be transformed into a thing of beauty, other vacant lots might be so transformed. The weekly newspaper devoted to interests of the community, took it up, suggesting that the business men clean up some vacant places in the heart of the town and convert them into croquet grounds for children.

The idea was less than two weeks old when the entire community seemed charged with enthusiasm. The Blue Diamond Rock and gravel company donated loads of sand. Merchants in the block hired a man and team to level the ground and boys dug out stumps. Tin cans and rubbish disappeared as if by magic. Before school in the morning young boys dragged a heavy roller over the grounds. The fireman wet it down with the fire hose. A woman donated rooted oleanders, pink and white, and the butcher provided containers for them. Local car-

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

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"Last Stand" of the Horse and Mule Is Invaded

HOLTVILLE.—The "new idea," a six-row lettuce planter, which has had some mention in Farm and Garden's columns recently, is doing its part to drive Old Dobbin, as well as Gee and Haw, the mules, into oblivion.

In Imperial Valley, despite the mechanization of farms, the mule especially has had his own particular work pulling the planter at this time of the year and later drawing the cultivator. Up and down the beds would go the teams, as two rows of seed were simultaneously deposited. The driver might doze in the sun, but the mules would carry on. Such outfits, even to the snoozing driver, may still be seen, but the feeling is that they are doomed to be practically blotted out of the desert picture.

A number of tractor-drawn planters have been in use this season. Sawdy & Hunt, big growers of this district, have one of the six-row machines, tractor-drawn, which can plant, cultivate or fertilize as desired. With the planter there is a sort of shovel attachment which levels off and reshapes the beds, so that there is no variation in them. The planters are run off a chain drive, so that the seeds are dropped at exactly regular intervals.

Five acres an hour may be seeded with the machine. The tractor which draws it straddles one ridge, the planter, three. In each ridge are deposited two rows of seed. The cultivator attachment may be substituted for the planter in a few minutes. If fertilization is desired, the material is placed in hoppers, and as it falls to the ground, it is turned under by the cultivator.

These three operations were the "last stand of the mule," and since they have "gone mechanical," it looks as if the horseless age were just about at hand on the farms of Imperial Valley.

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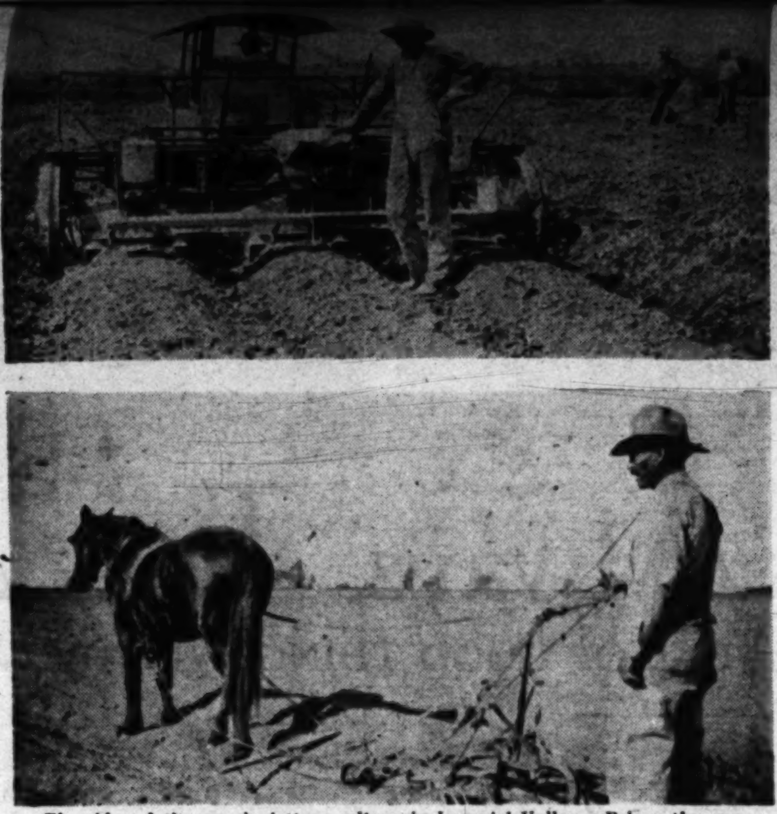

The old and the new in lettuce culture in Imperial Valley. Below, the one-horse cultivator; above, the six-row planter, cultivator and fertilizer applicator, tractor-drawn.

Soak "Slick" Spots

Visitors Study Antelops Valley's Alfalfa-Growing Ideas

SAN BERNARDINO.—Some thirty alfalfa growers from Helendale and Hinkley took part in a tour arranged by the San Bernardino Extension Service and farm bureau recently, to study production conditions in Antelope Valley.

The primary purpose of the trip was to study methods of securing water penetration in the hard spots. Other projects visited were the alfalfa meal factory, sheep feeding and the farm bureau's nursery of shade, forest and windbreak trees.

Formerly in the valley it was the practice to make checks 320x50 feet. Hard or "slick" spots did not take up enough moisture, so small cross-ridges were made every fifty feet. These checks were filled and held for some time to soften the hard spots. Using a relatively heavy head of water, overflow to the next check was made with a sewer pipe or other means through the ridge. The soils where this system is used are more clayey than the average Mojave soils of the visitors.

One irrigation per cutting is not enough to soak up the hard spots deeply and so they are irrigated every ten days. Only a few fields checked in this manner were found. It appears that after soils have been so irrigated for the life of an alfalfa stand and the roots have penetrated the refractory spots, water is more readily absorbed and longer checks can be used. It was stated that melilotus alba (white sweet clover) is a good preparatory crop for alfalfa on refractory soils.

The Antelope water lift is about twice that of the Mojave districts, but the power charge is lower.

Profit in Pears

Business Man Expects Them to Keep Him in Future Years

LITTLE ROCK.—Among the 2000 acres planted in pears about Little Rock, the twenty-acre orchard owned by Dwight L. Burnham is one of the places noted for good tree growth and productiveness. This tract of land was purchased by Mr. Burnham about ten years ago, when the trees were five years old and just coming into bearing, and each succeeding year, the owner says, these Bartlett pears have shown a reasonable profit. Mr. Burnham is a Pasadena business man and plans to retire eventually and enjoy life on the Antelope Valley acreage.

In common with the general harvest in this section, the pears are picked, packed and shipped into Los Angeles, where they are sold on the market. Three grades are offered and the shipping is usually accomplished in three weeks of intensive orchard activity. The double irrigation system for district water that "came with the land" has always proved satisfactory, but knowing the imperative need of having a reserve supply, Mr. Burnham united with a group of other pear growers who several years ago pooled their money and put down a well that is ample to care for their aggregate acreage should any water shortage or emergency arise.

Cold Insurance

(Continued from Page Three)

damage to be a very considerable item. It is not uncommon for growers to save, in a single season and sometimes in a single night, enough fruit to pay the entire cost of equipment. There is another item of loss besides—the damage to trees, which, when defoliated, may take as long as five years to get "back to normalcy" and to abundant production.

There are doubtless some places where frost damage is too slight to warrant expenditure for protection, but these places are very few. Killing frosts may at any time spread over hitherto "safe" territory, and one such would make protection equipment a paying venture. There are doubtless, also, places, exceptionally cold, where tender crops never should have been put in, and where the cost of protection would be so great that it could not be borne by the crops. These places in the long run will not be profitable, and the trees should be removed for some more suitable crop.

No Can-Openers Needed on This Vista District Ranch

VISTA.—Where is the man who said that the woman of today could not cook a meal if she happened to lose the can opener? Mrs. D. C. Richards of this community is looking for him.

The Richards family, Don Carlos Richards and his wife and their three sons, Arthur, Le Roy and Lynn, have a twenty-acre ranch in Guajome district. Originally of Kansas then Idaho, then California, they bought this place three years ago.

The land was in the rough, covered with weeds and grass, with a few grape vines struggling along the hillside. Nothing daunted, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Richards, with their son, Arthur, and the latter's wife and children, established a home, built chicken houses, planted a garden and set out trees. Water from Henshaw dam inspires 300 avocado, fig, peach, pear, plum, apricot, loquat, walnut, orange, lemon, grapefruit, prune, pomegranate and quince trees, vineyard, a strawberry patch and an alfalfa field to do their best.

The family garden provides food in season and out, the surplus being canned for winter use. Jellies, fruits, jams, catsup, quince juice and grapefruit juice add variety to meals. In addition, the owners have milk, butter, eggs and chickens. There are 1500 red and white birds in the poultry flock and chicken for dinner is the rule. The family entertains mostly relatives and friends from the city and the meals are from products grown on their acres.

Raisins are now being dried from surplus grapes. The planting of 3000 orange trees is soon to commence. Other developments are in prospect.

One son, Le Roy, is warrant officer out of Central Police Station, Los Angeles. His brother Lynn, formerly on the police force, is now in Texas. Another son is with the Cudahy Packing Company, Los Angeles. But the San Diego county farm is home to all of them. There they always find the long ranch table literally groaning with good food, and mother uses no can openers getting it either.

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Southland Gardens

Helen W. King

Some More Ornamentals That Merit a Place in Our Plantings

THE planting of ornamentals which are logically a part of our fall garden activities was the subject of this department last week; but the material was confined to those shrubs and trees which come within the classification of natives. Fine as these are, and important to the perfecting of a California garden picture, this group is far from comprising the range of subjects which we cannot afford to overlook.

Generally speaking, early spring, when most plants are just about to wake out of their dormant period, is the best time for such plantings, but when gallon and five-gallon can material is used, the fall can be made a planting season with every chance for success, if we eliminate a few plants which would receive a sharp backset at the point when they are preparing to bloom or to reach the peak of their annual development. This works out to the great advantage of many people who were unable, for one reason or another, to accomplish much planting in the spring. With our accommodating climate, we can set many charming ornamentals into the ground at this time and confidently look forward to the great beauty they will bring us when spring comes again.

One plant which has increased its hold on public favor within the last few years to a remarkable extent is the camellia. This was an old-time favorite that slipped into discard to a considerable degree through a peculiar set of circumstances that in no way reflected on its merits. It is so beautiful, with its rich green, glossy foliage and its exquisite flowers, that it seems to win instant appreciation from all who behold it. In culture it isn't a difficult subject, either, and that is distinctly to its advantage. Its main requirements are a somewhat protected north-side location, or one where it is adequately shaded from the hot sun at all times. It wants a good rich garden soil that can easily be built up around the plant if the natural soil is light by adding well-rotted barnyard manure, leaf-mold and, in some instances, peat moss, to assist in retaining the soil moisture which the plant relishes. They begin blooming at an early age and usually are quite generous about it. Pink Perfection, a delicate shell pink of precise rosette form, a white of the same characteristics and the red and white variegated variety are surely the best known, but there are many other shades and the form varies from small, formal arrangements of tiny petals to the loose and large petalled types. One of the finest of the red varieties which is available at this time is Campbelli. If plants are set out now they will give you bloom this season.

The shrubs in the photo at the left are of myoporum—they grow luxuriantly in the very spray from the surf at Laguna Beach. A young camellia plant that was set out a short time before its blooming season is pictured at right.

Varieties of the heath family, or the ericas, are important for fall planting and they afford a wide range of type, form and color from which to choose. Some of the early flowering ones, like the rosey melanthera, are already throwing out plumy sprays of lovely color, yet even these can be put out at this time. Regerminans, a heath of more restrained form which never grows very high, but which give upright spikes of reddish purple bloom during the late winter, is a fine one to plant in among shrubbery for livening an otherwise somber effect. The French hybrid heaths are lovely, with their tubular flowers on tall spikes in white, crimson and all the rose and purple tones. They should be used where their bareness will not be too noticeable once their season is over. All heaths should be placed where they have very good drainage and where they can have less moisture than the average ornamental. In fact, they seem to thrive on a bit of neglect.

The bauhinias are not well known, but they make friends of all who come in contact with them. There are several varieties available here in Southern California, for these natives of oriental lands like our conditions of soil and temperature. All of them have the characteristic odd leaf with a central division at the lower edge—a leaf that folds up lengthwise at night—and it may be stated that all of the varieties are different although all are interesting and worth having. Tomentosum is one that gives a lot of satisfaction, growing rapidly into a generous-sized plant and bearing pendulant yellow blooms with a tiny red-brown heart deep in the flower, on an upper petal.

Another plant that is fascinating and will, I prophesy, become a favorite once it is known, is a variety of the calothamnus which sends out long twisting branches set with tiny pinate leaves, which look a good deal like bottle bruises, but which in their irregularity create a most unusual and interesting effect. There are some twenty species of this plant, which comes from Australia and which is closely related to the Bottle Brush we know so well, the callistemon.

An evergreen plant of attractive foliage and winsome yellow flowers that suggest small wild roses, is hypericumfi or St. John's Wort. There are a couple of hundred varieties of this, but Hypericum moserianum and H. floribundum are perhaps the most

(Continued on Page Twelve)

IN REPLY—

By H.W.K.

Anxious: It may be that your tuberous begonias that show rot at the base while the top of the plant is apparently all right are suffering from too much water, as you suspect. Even though it is only a single plant at a time that shows this trouble, the fact that others are affected the same way within a few days would be explained by the difference in resistance one plant has over another. However, there are other things which might cause this trouble. Some disease in the soil, or perhaps a rot that has its origin in the tuber of the plant, something which has developed since the tuber was set out. It is best to take the diseased plants up at once. It is about time for you to take up the tuberous begonias, anyway. Before using the ground in which they were set for anything else, use a good soil disinfectant. The tubers you hold over should be treated, also. Without actually seeing the plants and making soil examination, it would be impossible for anyone to positively diagnose the affliction the plants have suffered.

* * *

Mrs. F.M.A.: In sowing seed of either Sequoia sempervirens or gigantea, a good loamy soil well mixed with a large proportion of clean sand is the best provision you can make. Plant the seeds in the open ground, after preparing the bed properly, and set each seed a good half inch deep. The best propagator of such seeds that I know declares this to be very important. The seed bed should be kept moist at all

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

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The Herefords Are Coming!

WHITEFACE REPRESENTATION WILL BE BIG AT LOS ANGELES SHOW

By Nelson R. Crow

"THE Herefords are coming! Oho! Oho!"

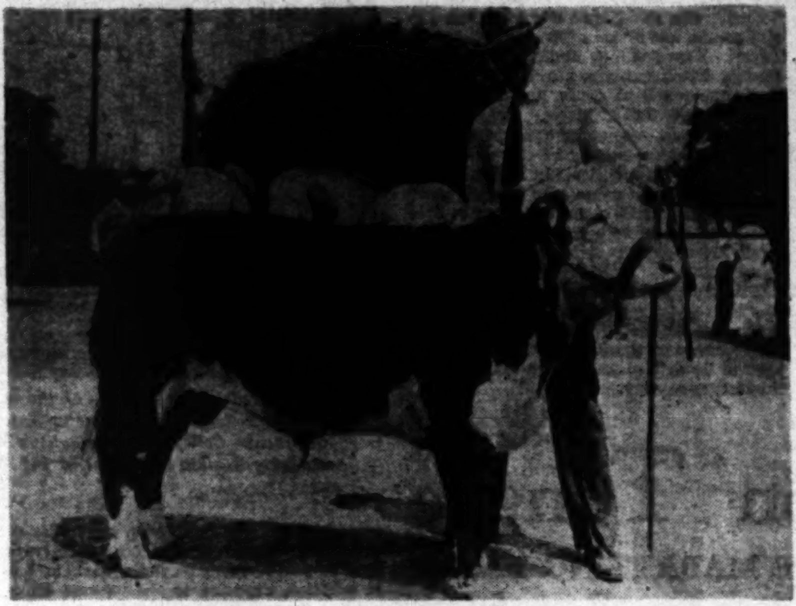
One of the great beef cattle breeds and one exceedingly popular in the West is going to migrate to California the latter part of November—to Los Angeles, to be still more explicit. These cattle are tourists, but like other visitors, it is probable that many of them will remain permanently.

From a dozen States, the greatest herds of Herefords in America will be represented at the fifth annual Christmas Live Stock Show and Rodeo, to be held in the Los Angeles Union Stockyards from November 29 to December 6. Whitefaces aren't the only beef cattle coming—far from it—but the Hereford association has concluded that it would be a wise thing to follow the star of empire westward, and while Shorthorn and Angus breeders will have splendid herds on exhibit at the show the Hereford display promises to be the biggest and best of its kind ever held west of the Mississippi River.

In a way, the Hereford show at Los Angeles is going to be a battle between the champions of the West against those of the East and Middle West. Most of the big fairs and shows, county, State, sectional, are over, and the Hereford breeders are waiting for the results here with great interest. Here's where we are going to find out whether the breeders of the East and Central States are as good at their vocation as are those of the Mountain and Coast States. A sweet job the judge is going to have!

Hundreds of entries have been made already, although the entry lists are not closed until November 15. It seems probable that the accommodations of the show will be taxed. To date, T. E. Johnson, show superintendent, reports the following nationally-known Hereford breeders as entrants with highly fitted strings of cattle which have already won championships at other fairs and shows:

Baldwin Ranch, Pleasanton; William Briggs, Dixon; Dos Pueblos Ranch and Improvement Company, Goleta; Mountcrest Ranch, Hilt; Diablo Stock Farm, Danville; Charles Rule, Jenner; J. D. Canary, Littleton, Colo.; R. P. Lamont, Larkspur, Colo.; L. Chatterton, Spion Kob, Mont.; Foster Brothers, Rexford, Kan.; C. O. Graves, Georgetown, Ky.; O. Harris and Sons, Harris, Mo., Harrisdale Farms, Fort Worth, Tex.; C. M. Largent and Sons, Merkel, Tex.; C. A. Mayer and Sons, Bellevue, Iowa; H. B. Thurber, Minden, Nev.; Winterton Bros., Woodland, Utah. At least twice as many have already signified their intention of showing here, with a month and a half left for others to make up their minds.


Here's "Brainy Bill," winner on the fair circuit, and his exhibitor, W. L. Bergstrom, who is manager of the great Baldwin Ranch at Pleasanton. The Baldwin string did mighty well this year at the fairs.

The herds named have international fame in the live-stock world. H. A. Baldwin, owner of the Baldwin herd, is one of the wealthiest men in the Hawaiian Islands. His animals won both grand championships this year at the California State Fair and all championships at the Utah State Fair and he will show at the Portland and Wichita City live-stock expositions before coming here. In the past, Baldwin bulls have won grand championships at both the Kansas City and Chicago live-stock classics.

O. Harris of Missouri is one of the three men who made the first importations of Hereford cattle to the United States from Great Britain. As far back as 1904, Mr. Harris showed the world's champion Hereford bull at the St Louis World's Fair against the best from the United States, Canada and England. This is the first time Harris cattle have been shown on the Pacific Coast.

Hereford brood matrons on Mountcrest Ranch, Hilt. This great breeding establishment deserves attention in any live stock show and its contribution to the good blood on western ranges has been considerable.

The Lamont herd is owned by R. P. Lamont, Jr., son of the Secretary of Commerce in the present Hoover Cabinet, and it is possible that Secretary Lamont will be out here to see the show. His son, the exhibitor, is president of the American Hereford Cattle Breeders Association.

By Special Train

Much of the improvement in California herds has been due to the foundation bulls bought from the men exhibiting at Los Angeles this fall. It isn't unreasonable to expect that most of the cowmen of the Southwest will be here to see these animals. Heretofore, they had to go east to inspect and purchase. Many of the big herds shown this year at the American Royal Live Stock Exposition, Kansas City, are coming direct by special train to the Los Angeles show, and will arrive here on Thanksgiving Day.

To the practical cattleman, one of the features of the Los Angeles show will be the auction sale of Herefords, under the direct supervision of R. J. Kinzer, secretary of the American Hereford Cattle Breeders' Association. Only the choicest will be accepted for sale. Fred Reppert of Decatur, Ind., will wield the hammer on the auction stand. He has sold more Whitefaces at auction than any other man and he has sold the highest-priced Whitefaces, too. Those who haven't heard Fred Reppert sell, whether breeders or not, will find it a treat just to listen to him "do his stuff."

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has made arrangements for entertaining the cattlemen while they are here. A banquet at which the finest barley-fed California beef will be served is but one of the features of the program.

An even lot of Hereford steers at the feed trough. Kenneth Waid and Angus Hardie, students at the California Polytechnic School, San Luis Obispo, are preparing them for the Los Angeles show.

California is a great cattle breeding State and some of the big breeders of other States may decide to locate here. But the greatest benefit should come through the improvement of the beef supply, as these highly bred bulls are distributed to the herds in territory supplying Southern California with beef.

When we consider that Los Angeles is one of the greatest beef consuming centers of the United States, that California is the second largest range cattle State in the Union and that live stock and meat packing constitute our largest industry, it seems fitting that Los Angeles should be the home of the third largest live-stock show in the United States. That's the way it stands this year.

Here's a string of Hereford bulls that J. A. Elmhirst bought at the Denver live stock show last year. Every one of them was a winner and every one came to California to help improve the quality of California beef. Elmhirst Ranch, formerly at Merced, is now at Los Alamos, in Santa Barbara County.

It Has "Arrived"

PROGRESS SHOWN BY VICTORVILLE FAIR

VICTORVILLE.—The second annual San Bernardino County Fair, held here October 9, 10, 11 and 12, afforded new reasons for confidence upon the part of business and agricultural leaders in Victor Valley that this October event can be established as one of the exposition fixtures of Southern California. Last year's modest showing was eclipsed in every way and again the "gate" paid expenses and left a little nest egg of surplus. Even more significant, perhaps, was the wider interest shown in the fair by other parts of the San Bernardino county and by the outside world. The people of Victor Valley believe their fair has "arrived."

Most of the exhibits were from the communities of the desert plateau to the north of Cajon Pass and they were most worthy. The products produced in the oases of development in this great "out-of-doors" land are of the finest; they have won their share of prizes at other and larger fairs of the Southland and they were interestingly and artistically assembled in the huge tent which housed the second of the local events. And other communities beyond the mountains were represented also.

The most interesting exhibit of the lot, in the opinion of many visitors, was one prepared and assembled by the rural school children of San Bernardino county—a historical pageant of California. Something like a hundred feet long, this display was composed of various groupings of miniature buildings, natural features and figures illustrating epochal phases of the Golden State's development, all set against an artistically conceived background. Starting at one end with the landing of Cabrillo in 1542, the various divisions pictured the days of the Spaniard, the Mexican, the Bear Republic and American occupation, ending with a beautiful picturization of a modern community in the San Bernardino county citrus belt.

Other outside exhibits of interest included a feature display by San Bernardino county in combination with the National Orange Show, an exhibit by the Southern California Fair management and Riverside county, a display from Ontario and a comprehensive exhibit of the products of Antelope Valley. All received special silver cups.

The various communities of Victor Valley had obviously given much thought and effort to the preparation of their displays. Most of them made use of alfalfa bales for background and structural effects and the premium alfalfa of the valley was much in evidence everywhere. The fine fruits of this highland country provided plenty of color. Each exhibit was a sort of little fair to itself, as each included its own community display of household products and examples of domestic art. Judging under the conditions was no small task.

The Victor Valley Chamber of Commerce was awarded a silver loving cup for an effective assembly of products representative of the entire valley and featuring the crops of the Mojave River irrigation area. Lucerne Valley, off to the northeast, had an interesting display of products, grown for the most part on new lands that have been put into crop in recent years. Baldy Mesa's display was of particular interest because most of the fruit and other products shown had been produced under dry-farming conditions. Hinkley Valley, off to the northwest of the plateau, captured a cup for best general agricultural and horticultural display. Apple Valley's display of red mountain apples grown on the Ihmsen Ranch was the most colorful of all. The Highway Shallow-water district, including Oro Grande, Bryman, Helendale and Hodge, had a wealth of products.

Adelanto, the productive little farming and home community off to the northwest of Victorville, was especially well represented at the fair, having a noteworthy exhibit of fruits, vegetables and poultry products in the big top and the largest of the exhibits of the poultry tent. The Adelanto turkey was featured in both divisions—alive in the poultry show and dressed and in various packs in the main exhibit.

Notable exhibits not agricultural included a beautiful natural wild life setting by the Izaak Walton League, a fountain and pool display by the Victor Portland Cement Company, a fine educational exhibit by the Victorville Union High School and displays by mining companies.

The interest of the fair was rounded out by an industrial section, a showing of automobiles, a farm machinery division and an amusement zone. The Sciot's Band and drill team of San Bernardino helped with the entertainment, as did other musical organizations.

(Awards in the poultry and stock divisions of the fair are presented on another page of this issue.)

The interesting exhibit of Victor Valley products shown by that district's Chamber of Commerce at the recent San Bernardino County Fair at Victorville.

Dahlias Featured

Burbank Enjoys Usual Fine Fall Flower Show

BURBANK.—The garden section of the Burbank Woman's Club held its fall flower show recently and topped its previous efforts by a comfortable margin. As was natural, dahlias were the outstanding features, being shown in both professional and amateur classes in a lavish array. W. E. Trostle of San Gabriel carried off most of the primary honors in the professional classes for dahlias, with Mrs. J. W. Forbes taking second in number of points. S. H. Notely, exhibiting in gladiolus, snapdragon and delphinium classes for professionals, carried off first awards.

In the noncommercial classes of dahlias exhibits, Southam & Hallet, Los Angeles, had the best dahlia display as well as major honors in other dahlia classes. The best general display went to Mrs. Byron Holley of Burbank, who always manages to show a choice array of well-grown things from her lovely gardens. There were prize-winning entries of roses from Mrs. Rogan and Mrs. Rendall, as well as good displays in practically all possible fall flowers and vines.

Mrs. Grant Roach, chairman of the section, did not enter her very fine pom-pom dahlias in competition, but her complimentary display brought forth many admiring comments.

Rose Show Pleases

The Paul J. Howard Horticultural Establishment of Los Angeles recently held its annual rose show. Many visitors were attracted by the lovely displays. The newer varieties were a feature, of course, and they were shown effectively in vases and growing on bushes ready to be set into the garden. There were climbers, tidy bush varieties for neat beds, low-growing types suited to small hedges, such as the polyanthus roses, and fine tree roses, for more formal effects.

In addition to the roses, there were rows and rows of ornamentals to browse among, all plainly labeled, and flats of small plants to tempt one with their promise of bloom in the winter garden, and glasshouses full of still other attractions. Even the bowls of Dutch bulbs, the array of garden implements, cutting baskets, glazed pots and decorative garden stakes, to say nothing of the benches, reflecting balls and sundials, all added to the spectators' delight.

Like Green Traps Best

Japanese beetles like green traps best, declare experts of the United States Department of Agriculture who made tests to determine color preferences of the bug, if any. The traps were moved about, and there were four of each color. For every 100 beetles caught in the green traps, those of other colors caught the following numbers: Brown, 93; yellow, 89; red, 81; blue, 76; orange 76; unpainted, 69; white, 65; indigo, 60; black, 52; purple, 50.

F. R. Wilcox, University of California specialist in farm economics, has resigned to accept the general management of the National Pecan Association, with headquarters at Jackson, Miss.

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COACHELLA DATE GARDENS NOW AT BEST

By James S. Carter

THREE million pounds of dates, including all varieties, and worth nearly $1,000,000, are being harvested in the Coachella Valley.

A sight unique in America and one worth traveling a long distance to see is the collection of oases in the southeastern California desert in which these American dates are grown. There is no more beautiful sight than a well-kept garden of stately palms, each with its load of luscious fruit. Coachella Valley is known all over the world as "America's desert playground," but most visitors come here during the winter months and see little of the golden crop of the reclaimed desert. Now is the time to see the date gardens at their best.

The history of the date has been one of tragedy and romance down through the ages. Some 4000 years ago the first irrigation system we know about was in operation for the watering of date palms. As the culture of the date was known so was its great food value prized at least as far back as the time of Moses, for he forbade the Jews to cut down the palms even on their enemies' land.

While America had long known the sticky bulk date imported from Mesopotamia and Egypt, which used to be found in every country store, it was not until 1900 that date growing was even considered in this country. At that time the Federal Department of Agriculture installed an experiment station near Mecca to secure records on temperatures, humidity and soils as related to the culture of the fruit. Encouraged by the tests, scientists of the department set out a garden of about fifteen acres containing some forty varieties. The offshoots, which had been imported from Old World gardens, thrived, but it was not until 1913 1914 and 1915 that any large importations were made. Then it was that the Coachella Valley Date Growers Association, a co-operative association, was formed and about 10,000 offshoots of numerous varieties were brought in. The date industry in America was off, but not to a very good start.

Due to the long journey and also to the fact that growers did not understand the culture, about half the offshoots in these first importations died. Many poor varieties and seedlings were planted, later to be dug up and burned, and all was not "skittles and beer" for the rancher who started out with so much enthusiasm. But the slogan of the desert, "never give up," held in the Coachella Valley. Other large importations were made; poor varieties were weeded out and the rancher learned by bitter and costly experience how to handle and care for this new member of America's fruit family.

A Costly Venture

The propagation and culture of the date are most intricate and costly. It is estimated that the total expense of bringing an acre of palms into bearing is about $5000 and that it takes about eight years time.

The date grower, moreover, cannot plant his palms and then sit down and wait for them to mature. The young palms must have water every ten days for it is an old saying that "the date palm must have its feet in the water and its head in the sun." They must be cultivated, fertilized and nursed continually.

Budding and grafting have no part in date propagation. During its first ten or fifteen years, the femals date palm produces from six to twenty suckers or offshoots, which are true to type, and it is by planting these offshoots that individual varieties are reproduced. They are removed from the parent palm after three to five years, planted in field form, and will yield a small amount of dates in six or eight years. A full bearing palm will yield 400 pounds, but growers limit their palms to about 200 or 250 pounds, according to the strength of the palm and the richness of the soil.

When the palms reach the bearing period the real work commences. The fertilization of the female blossom cannot be left to nature. The pollen from a male palm must be carefully dusted by hand over the female blossom when it breaks its swordlike spathe and displays to the sun its creamy blossom cluster. Preceding this pollenization, the sharp spikes on the fronds surrounding the blossom clusters must be cut off to protect the workers, as, like most desert plants, the date palm carries a very effective defense armor. Then the irrigation and cultivation go on, and late in the summer bags must be put over the ripening clusters to protect them from rain and the birds. When the picking and packing season opens early in September, the Coachella Valley is the scene of great activity. Unlike grapes, dates cannot be picked by the clusters as they do not ripen at one time. Great care must be exercised, and they must be picked one by one. On the older palms, some of which grow to a height of sixty feet, removable platforms are built for the pickers to which they climb on tall ladders. The picking season usually lasts about three months.

The soft varieties, most of which are not good keepers, are sold generally in California and neighboring States; they are merely cleaned after being picked, but the Deglet Noor, "the date of light," which has been found to be the most satisfactory for commercial purposes, must be carefully prepared before shipping. This is known as the semidry date and is a native of North Africa. The Deglets are brought to the packing-houses, weighed, cleaned and fumigated and some are artificially ripened by heat. They are then sorted by hand and sent to the packing room, where they are put up in attractive packages that go all over the world.

The Deglet Noor Date Growers Association at Indio has the largest plant in the country for the packing of native dates and, in the height of the season, employs nearly 200 workers. This plant is up to the minute in point of efficiency and sanitary methods and is operated by men who have made a long study of their business. The organization, which is a nonprofit, co-operative concern, expects to handle nearly 2,000,000 pounds of dates this year. Although some other varieties will be packed, the great bulk of fruit handled will be of the Deglet Noor variety.

There are a number of other plants in the valley which are using modern methods and turning out a high quality of fruit. Among them are the Shields' Date Gardens, which packs many varieties and does a large mail-order business; the gardens of W. L. Paul, who is one of the pioneers in the valley industry; the plant of Leonhardt Swingle, who also began when the industry was young, and those of Bartlett H. Hayes, Bryan Haywood at Indio Heights, the George Beach gardens near Coachella, the Narbonne ranch at Oasis, and the Garden of the Setting Sun at Mecca.

The present output of Coachella Valley represents but a moiety of the dates consumed yearly in America, but it is estimated that when all the palms now planted reach maturity the southeastern California area will be producing fully 25,000,000 pounds annually. New plantings, too, are being made every year.

This short sketch can touch only a few of the high spots regarding the principal industry of Coachella Valley, but some day the romance of the date industry in America will be written and it will make mighty interesting reading.

The increasing importance of the vegetable industr omy is reflected in a growing interest in truck California College of Agriculture at Davis. Th studying tomato varieties in the field; in the lo onion seed.

A Common Tongue

FEDERAL GRADES MAKE MARKETING EASIER

By W. E. Leigh

State Department of Agriculture.

DURING the last fifteen years the United States Department of Agriculture has been working out grade specifications for the more important perishable farm crops. At the present time about sixty of these grades are in more or less general use, applying to practically all of the important fruits and vegetables, peanuts, several of the crops raised for commercial cannery purposes, and honey. Work is also being done along this line on florists' and nursery stock products.

The use of these Federal grades is not compulsory. Each grade specifies in all cases the lower limits of market quality for that grade. They provide a "common language" and a very satisfactory basis upon which to carry on the various business transactions of buying and selling perishable farm products.

Such grades are necessary. Hundreds of thousands of carloads of perishable crops move out from the various producing districts to all points of the country during a year's time. Generally, it is no longer possible, or practical, for those who handle large quantities of these products actually to see for themselves just how desirable or undesirable each carload may be. At the same time they must know the quality of these crops in order to dispose of them in an intelligent and efficient manner.

Today, perishable farm crops produced on one coast of the United States may later find their market on the other coast, in Canada or in other foreign countries. Quite often the producer is in no position to judge with accuracy just how his crop, after it reaches the distant market, will compare in quality with a like crop from other producing sections. The best portion of a crop grown under unfavorable conditions may, and frequently does, appear inferior when compared to crops grown under favorable conditions in a more suitable locality. At this point the Federal grades enter into the picture.

To Fit Conditions

On all crops where it is possible, the grades are drawn to fit all producing and marketing conditions. This is necassary because a crop, say potatoes grown in Idaho or Maine, may be sold by this grade not only in the producing States but also in practically every other State at some time or other during the year. This same idea applies also to many other crops.

There are, however, a few crops where it has been impossible to write one set of grade specifications applying equally to the crops grown in various producing districts. Citrus fruits are the most notable example of this exception. California, Florida and Texas produce the bulk of our oranges, lemons and grapefruit. Fruit from these States is radically different in many respects, due to soil, climatic, cultural and other conditions. It has been necessary, therefore, to write a set of citrus grades for the fruit in each of these three States.

California is very fortunate in being able to produce a wide variety of agricultural commodities, many of which come in at a time when they enjoy a decided marketing advantage. Federal grades have been established for approximately forty-five of these crops. More carloads of perishable farm products move out from California under United States grades than from any other State in the Union.

Many things must be considered in writing these grade specifications. Some crops may be sold entirely in the cities of the United States and Canada; other crops may be sold not only in these markets, but in addition, exported to the various countries of Europe, South America or the Orient. In these latter cases especial attention must be paid to those factors which influence the carrying and keeping qualities of the product.

When gathering grade data for any particular crop, it is necessary to spend considerable time in the various districts producing this crop in order to find out there what the receiver expects or demands for his money.

Information resulting from such investigations shows quite accurately the requirements which the producer can meet

They'll Always E

(Continued from Page Five)

side yard there is a water tank of combination wood and cobblestone construction with grape vines twining over it that is as attractive as it is useful. The double garage is of cobblestone.

And the Cellar

An outstanding feature of the place and the one that shows what can be done in the way of taking a living from one's own soil is the 10x18 cement cellar. Here you can see the results of the labors of the true pioneer at work garnering a living from the old earth. The cellar is lined with shelves running from floor to ceiling and after the harvest is complete you will find here all that the early pioneer had and many products that would have been a luxury in pioneer days.

If the Blum family were to be suddenly cut off from the world, they need hardly notice it so far as the actual necessities of life are concerned. Here you will find between five and six hundred quarts of canned fruits and vegetables, all taken from the Blum orchards and gardens, canned peaches, pears, apples, nectarines, plums, apricots, prunes, cherries and grapes; corn, tomatoes,

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etable industry in California's agricultural econ-
st in truck crop courses at the University of
Davis. The top photo shows Davis students
d; in the lower picture a class is examining
nion seed.

under normal conditions without any particular hardship, and shows what the receiver considers desirable or objectionable in the commodity he buys.

Following preliminary work, there remains the writing of the actual standards or grade specifications. These standards may consist of only one grade, or they may be divided into two or more grades. When more than one grade is necessary, the standards are arranged so that the resulting grade requirements will group the various portions of the crop in accordance with their commercial value. The portion of the crop showing the greatest amount of the desirable qualities, with little or none of the objectionable factors, naturally falls into the higher grade.

ys Eat, Anyhow

string beans and sauerkraut. In addition, you may find whole shelves of apple, quince and grape jelly, peach and pear butter, fig, plum and pear jam. There is a supply of home-cured olives and eggs in water glass when these are wanted. Smoked hams and bacon hanging in muslin sacks and pickled pigs feet and head cheese tempt the eye. Bags of dried apples, pears, figs, raisins, apricots, peaches, and prunes, all dried without sulphur, are among the things the family can have on need. There will be sacks of onions, potatoes, walnuts and almonds when these are appreciated most.

In that cellar, too, you will find canned grape juice and apple cider and a supply of home-made cider vinegar. There are canned fruit syrups for winter hotcakes and cans of honey to take the place of sugar. There is home-made lard; there are various pickles, including peaches, figs and apricots. Every year the Blums kill a beef and sell part of it, but as the air up their way is very dry, they are able to dry out a large part of the beef and hang it in the cellar for winter use.

If they want fresh meat, the poultry yard supplies a chicken or the neighboring canyons will supply a rabbit. The family cows supply milk, cream and butter. Of course, they find it necessary to buy a little salt and coffee, but if they really had to, they could grind a little grain for flour—the grain is there. The ranch has its own electric power plant and its own water system. There is a large supply of fuel in the shape of wood. There are facilities for storing a large supply of gasoline so that the ranch work, which is handled largely by tractor, need not be hampered for lack of fuel. The ranch has its own equipment for spraying, honey extracting and pumping water.

For a large part of the year there are fresh fruits and vegetables and it seems altogether likely that this family could exist in a complete state of isolation as long as it chose and perhaps better than most of the pioneer families of the days when farmers really got their living from their farms.

Dairy Day Next

Roger Jessup, owner of the Ideal Certified Dairy in Glendale, and chairman of the annual Farm Bureau Dairy Day committee has announced two outstanding speakers for the celebration which will be held at the Los Angeles County Farm at Hondo on October 30.

Dr Karl Meyer, director of the Hooper Foundation of Medical Research of the University of California, will speak on milk quality. Dr. Leland Spencer from Cornell University, at present engaged by the University of California through the Giannini Foundation of Agricultural Economics to conduct a study of the dairy and milk situation in the Los Angeles milk shed, will speak on how dairy problems have been worked out in other markets.

"Singing Jimmie" Smith of Glendale, will be there to entertain, and a milking contest will follow the awarding of silver trophy cups to the winners in the dairy competition.

The program will start at 10 a.m., and will conclude at 3 o'clock with the milking contest. The barbecue will be served at noon. All dairymen are invited.

The Drought Area

IMPRESSIONS OF A CALIFORNIAN ON TOUR

By W. H. Bach

[Reports on drought conditions throughout the East and Middle West have been varied and have been, doubtless, both exaggerated and minimized. This story from W. H. Bach of Roscoe comes after an extensive tour of many of the States between here and the Mississippi River and sums up his impressions as he passed along the way.—Editor.]

THE drought has spread over most of the territory I traversed in my recent trip of 7000 miles and my passage through fourteen States. In the irrigated sections, of course, lack of rain has little to do with yields. I found excessive heat everywhere I went.

In Central Colorado the climate was easier on tourists than in Nevada and Wyoming, but the drought had been there, too. Around Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and for some distance east conditions were fair, but Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois have suffered more. We had expected to feast on green corn there, but not an ear did we get until we reached Northern Wisconsin, except what was shipped in from other places.

Small grains through Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa and Illinois were far enough along so the drought did not affect them so badly and a fair crop was harvested, but the corn was grown and small and, except in the low places, held hardly any ears.

In Wisconsin, where there are many lakes, the conditions were better, but even there many pieces of grain would not be cut and at one point where we visited relatives we were told that this was the first time in twenty years when such conditions had prevailed.

Passing through from Green Bay to Madison, crops were fairly good, as this is a section where lakes and rivers abound. At Madison, vegetables were plentiful, the first place we had found them so, most of the places shipping their vegetables from California. From Madison to the Mississippi River and up to Minneapolis and Duluth, the drought was in strong evidence and prices were high. We paid 40 cents a dozen for small golden bantam corn at Wabasha, Minn. and all other fresh vegetables, such as lettuce, carrots, radishes, etc., were priced accordingly. Most of the fresh fruit we saw bore familiar California labels and the cheapest peaches we found on our trip were at Rapid City, S. D., at three pounds for 25 cents.

At Minneapolis, we found a fine fruit and vegetable store and the proprietor informed us he got most everything from California. Oranges were from 70 to 90 cents a dozen and mostly number 2's at that. Lemons were 60 cents a dozen mostly, but 50 cents in a few places. Pears we found the cheapest fruit, as they were three for 10 cents in several places.

Outside of the desert sections, living costs were about the same as at home. Meats were cheaper, canned goods about the same as here, milk from 10 to 25 cents a quart. In Yellowstone Park we bought milk for 10 cents a quart at Mammoth Hot Springs, 12 cents at Canyon Junction and 20 cents at Old Faithful. Prices of produce were no higher in Yellowstone Park than in any of the large cities and cheaper than in a small town in the vicinity of the park.

The Dakotas suffered most of any of the Middle West States and many fields were left just as the drought made them, not being worth cutting even for hay. Minnesota, in the southwestern part, had a fair crop and we found some corn in the vicinity of Pipestone.

After leaving Sioux Falls and through to the Missouri River, through Mitchell and Chamberlain, the drought appeared to have taken most everything, but there were still a few nice fields of flax which had developed ahead of the drought and west of the river in a few low spots which appeared to be sub-irrigated, there were some fine fields of grain and corn, the grains being principally barley and oats, wheat having been already harvested.

Idaho presented a varied front. Some places looked prosperous, some the opposite. At Casper, Wyo., we could not buy a potato, there being none on the market. In Idaho they said the crop was spotted. A good crop of good stock in some places, poor both in quality and quantity in others, but a short distance apart. In Utah, the crops appeared good and cheap. Fine large cantaloupes could be had for 5 cents and in some places at 25 cents a dozen.

Jobs Are Waiting

WANTED--MEN WHO KNOW THEIR ONIONS

By Ross H. Gast

OF INTEREST to all vgetable growers of the Golden State is the announcement by Prof. Henry Jones of the division of truck crops, University of California, that enrollment in the truck crop division of the college of agriculture is increased this year.

The university farm at Davis has one of the best equipped truck crop plants in the United States for research and practical study, but in spite of the fact that California has always been a large vegetable-producing State, it has been difficult to secure an adequate enrollment, However, during the past four or five years there has been an increasing interest in the truck-crop courses and this year seventy-eight boys are taking the work, with seventeen registered in the four-year course and sixty-one in the two-year course.

The western vegetable industry is meeting new problems each year, as is to be expected of an industry expanding at such a marvelous rate. These problems are to be found in the productive and in the distributive phases of the work—pest control, soil improvement and farm management are all engaging more or less attention in the field while, with increasing production, distribution becomes more complex.

Primarily trained in marketing, and with other sources to draw from, grower shippers have not experienced great difficulty in securing men for the distributive phase of their industry, but in the production field there is no "other" source to draw from, and an increase in the acreage calls for many men. In fact, they cannot be trained fast enough to meet the demand.

It is not alone the rapid growth of the industry that has contributed to the demand for skilled workers—other factors have been operative. For one thing, there has been a great change in the "art" of vegetable production which has driven older men from the field, opening the way to younger fellows experienced in new methods and materials.

During the past six years, too, the enrollment of the country's agricultural colleges has shown a steady decrease until it is now about half what it was in 1922. There is no indication of an early increase.

The truck crops division of the university at Davis is recognized throughout the nation as an efficient research and training source for good men. Realizing that future development in the industry may be retarded because not enough men are available to man all the "ships that want to sail," the head of the division, Prof. Jones, is making special attempt to interest students in truck crops work.

I have often discussed with growers the advisability of establishing scholarships for students who are interested in truck crops, particularly boys who have had practical experience in the vegetable districts of California and Arizona. The industry is anxious to secure men with special training, and such scholarships would prove an incentive to high school graduates who have been reared in vegetable districts.

In the East this sort of thing is being done. At the Ohio State University a graduate in agriculture has accepted a fellowship financed by the National Kraut Packers' Association. He will study factors and cultural practices essential to securing the highest yield and best quality of cabbage grown for kraut. Two additional fellowships have been provided at this institution, financed by potash and nitrate firms.

These men are graduate students. However the development of the scholarship idea can form the basis for preparing men who later may either follow research work or enter the practical phases of the vegetable industry.

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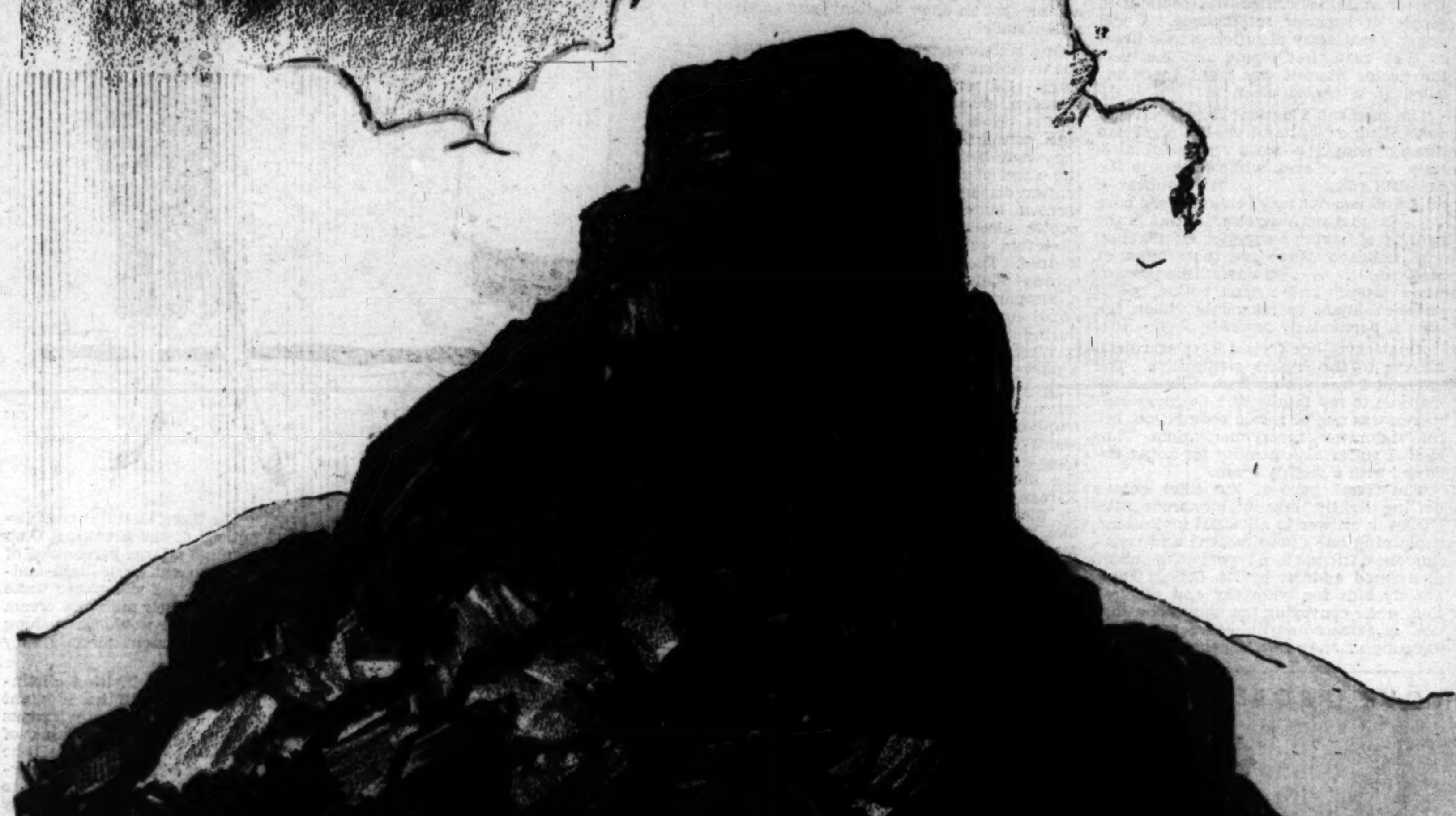

Montezuma's Chair
Arizona from
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MAUDE PARKER ~ CLIFFORD McBRIDE ~ KATHERINE BRUSH

October 26, 1930

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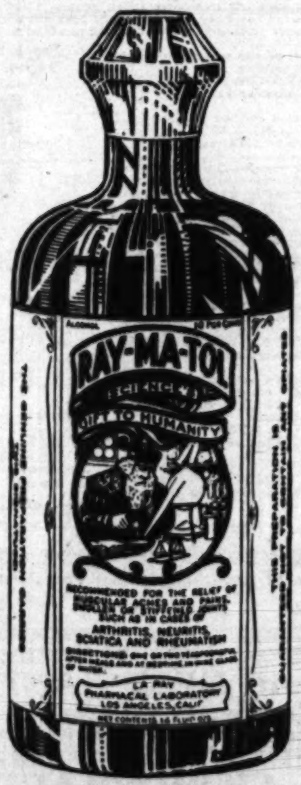
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- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 cup milk

SIFT the flour, measure, add salt and baking powder and sift twice. Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and cream well, stir in the egg yolks (unbeaten) and beat the mixture until creamy. Now fold in about a quarter of the flour mixture, then add ¼ cup of the milk to which the flavoring has been added, and repeat this process until all of the flour and the milk have been added, then beat the batter until smooth. Last, fold in carefully the stiff-beaten egg whites. Drop the batter into paper baking cups or into greased and floured muffin tins, filling them half full, and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 20 minutes. When cold, ice the tops of the cakes with confectioner's icing made of 2 cups powdered sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter, about ¼ teaspoon orange coloring and about 2 tablespoons boiling water, using just enough water to give a nice spreading consistency. Now mix another icing made of ½ cup powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon melted butter and about 1 teaspoon boiling water. Place this icing in a paper cone, cut a small hole in the end of the cone and press the icing through to trace Hallowe'en emblems on the cakes. Or press small chocolate candies into the orange-colored icing to make pumpkin faces on the cakes.

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The New Aristocracy

By Alma Whitaker

IT IS likely to become very fashionable among the intellectual climbers.

You see, last month a certain Dr. George W. Crile, Cleveland surgeon, addressing a medical convention, told that "It may really be a compliment to acquire a peptic ulcer . . . the great genius, the poet and the philosopher are always the most susceptible."

In fact, in the course of his address he made it plain that peptic ulcers are a disease of higher civilization, peculiar to people of superior intelligence. I will wager a vast army of sufferers took heart as they read that report and felt that the doctor himself was right there entitled to a peptic ulcer.

The moment a patient is suspected of cultivating a peptic ulcer, the physician himself adopts a most respectful attitude . . . even while he utters the dreadful edict . . . "Two ounces of milk and two ounces of cream every hour . . . and nothing else." That is the penalty of having a superior intelligence.

In addition, there are three kinds of medicine . . . . a nasty little powder, some "drops" and a pink potion one is on one's honor to take only "when the pain is particularly severe."

Right there one feels a lofty sacrificial martyr to the higher civilization. The moment I was put on that milk diet, my attitude to my family and business confreres, was one of gentle resignation, heroic endurance, cheery martyrdom. Thus must I suffer as a penalty for being endowed with a mighty brain.

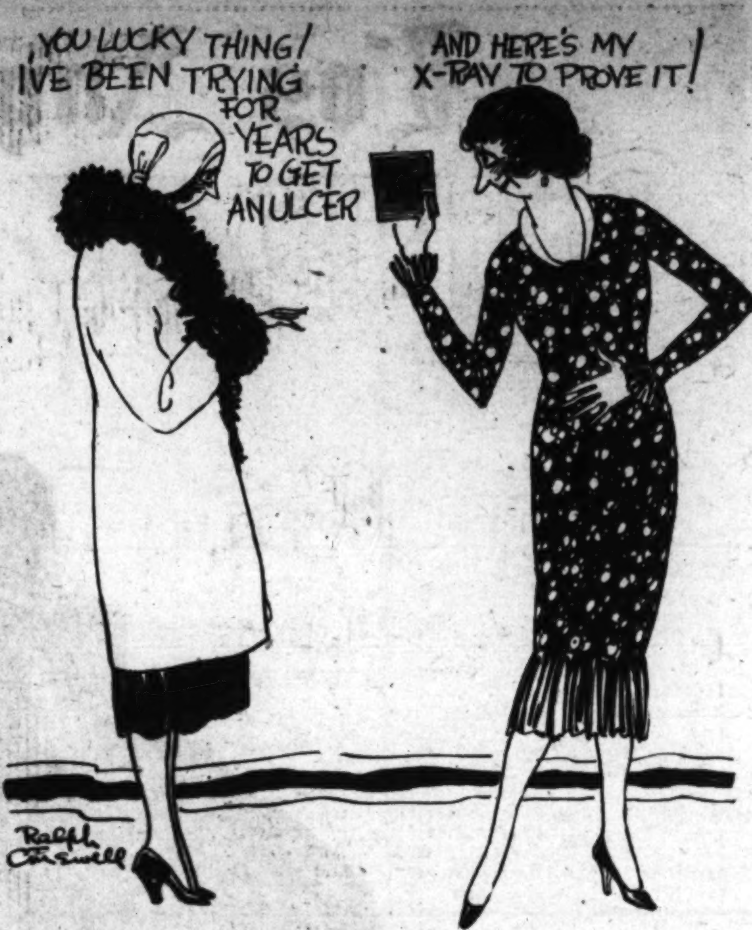
The "rest" part of the edict entails writing lightly, bravely humorous little letters in answer to all social invitations, explaining one's predicament and referring one's friends to a report of the above mentioned address by Dr. Crile. These are sly bids for sympathy and admiration, while conveying the impression that one is extraordinarily courageous and amusing at one's own expense.

There are, however, certain invitations one really wishes to accept. To these one carries one's little bottle of milk and cream, attracting any amount of fond attention. That always proves a subtle opening for general conversation about one's innards and a chance to recall once more Dr. Crile's wisdom and understanding. Just when the conversation is getting highly peptic; it is good form to hastily change the subject, look cheerfully heroic, hold one's hand over the aching spot on one's anatomy, and smile, smile, smile.

One embarrassment the peptic ulcerite has to endure however, is the competitive cases. On any pleasant conversational occasion about one's own tribulations, half a dozen other people will pop up with confidences about the peptic ulcer they had last year. This not only has the effect of reducing the amount of attention displayed in one's own immediate sorrows, but conveys the impression that peptic ulcers can be cured and that therefore sympathy should be strictly limited. The wise peptic ulcerite will so arrange it that his own case is unique in a company of plebian intellects. Avoid at all costs all highly intelligent society during this period . . . nothing is so discouraging as competitive ulcers at a party.

In an era of universal education, we are naturally swamped with intellectual climbers. So don't believe all you hear about ulcers. Make the claimant produce his X-rays before admitting him to the intellectual inner circles. Lots of X-rays merely indicate a susceptibility to ulcers . . . which after all, is like merely being related to a duke by marriage, or being a third cousin by marriage to Mary Pickford . . . on the merest fringe of society.

One serious difficulty is that those merely susceptible to a possible but remote ulcer get the same diet and medicine as the genuine ulcerite. Hence, before admitting any application for membership in your highbrow organization, never fail to demand the X-ray and the physician's report.


YOU LUCKY THING! I'VE BEEN TRYING FOR YEARS TO GET AN ULCER
AND HERE'S MY X-RAY TO PROVE IT!
Ralph Carswell

But there again, the physician cannot always be trusted. A rich patient is quite likely to be able to claim a full-fledged ulcer on a mere susceptibility . . . because a complete ulcer is vastly more profitable to treat than a susceptibility. And, to the layman, the X-ray is not necessarily enlightening. I mean to say anyone could explain anything to me about my own X-Ray and I couldn't contradict him. X-rays can be most disappointing . . . doctors can tell one that that little dark spot is merely a slight inflammation of a nerve or the bit of toast he forbade you to eat prior to the X-raying, even when it feels like a giant anenome opening and shutting viciously.

Nevertheless, every genuine ulcerite should have his X-ray framed, together with his physician's statement. If the physician is in good standing, all should be well.

When one first acquires an ulcer, one feels sumptuously exceptional . . . only to learn in the course of the next twenty-four hours that pretty well one's entire circle of friends either had an ulcer themselves at some time, or knew some one that had. All these people give one advice, and seriously doubt whether one is going to the right doctor, since his edicts differ somewhat from those given for Nellie or John five years ago. One's reply to this sort of thing is that physicians are much better informed on the subject nowadays and that one's own treatments are the very last word in modernity. One may even hint that the ulcer of today is vastly more insidious and dangerous than the ulcers of yesteryear.

After a while one catches one's self alluding to one's self as "we." One recalls, of course, that the only people who are entitled to allude to themselves as "we" are kings, editorial writers and the man with a tape-worm. This will surely have to be amended for modern use. It is unthinkable that one should enjoy all the distinction of a peptic ulcer and yet ignore its existence in general conversation. I must write to Emily Post about that.

(Excuse us a minute, it is time for our next glass of milk and cream.)

I can see where a really intellectual coterie. meeting at luncheon, like the Rotarians, are at breakfast, like the Breakfast Club, will in time to come to serve milk exclusively . . . and even provide the doses at the correct intervals. I noticed at the Breakfast Club recently, that quite a large percentage of members failed to eat their ham-and-eggs and pancakes. I will wager those fellows had all had their milk and cream before they went and would be rushing out for another allotment directly they got away.

For that matter, in inviting distinguished guests to these affairs, it might be advisable to restrict the invitations to those with peptic ulcers. Think of some of the speeches the club would be spared. A peptic ulcerite with a glamorful reputation would have so much to live up to. It's a great responsibility . . . one simply dare not expose one's self for a fool with the intellectual standing of a peptic ulcer to consider.

Quite a number of our most celebrated motion picture stars acquired peptic ulcers . . . you know how everyone admits the improved intelligence in the films. The time may come when starry contracts would depend entirely upon the possession of a nice active little ulcer.

(Excuse us, please, it's time to take our next powder!)

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Please inclose a stamped self-addressed envelope when submitting material for publication and it will be returned promptly if unavailable. No payment is made for verse.

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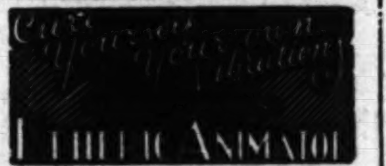
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CARE OF THE BODY

to overcome the innate inertia of the respiratory muscles.

Sun baths are excellent.

Outdoors sleeping helps.

The posture must be normalized as much as is consistently possible.

It is the long period of training between attacks which is of so much more value than the remedies which might be applied when an attack takes place.

Asthma is not incurable. The rigid discipline of drugless therapy whose outlines I have presented to you, have, in many, many thousands of instances, actually worked miracles in health restoration from this trouble.

I have a special leaflet on the subject which is available to any Times reader for a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a loose 2-cent stamp.

• • •

Appetizers

"What the best-dressed menu will have."

You have probably never seen this on a menu card but it is there. Whether we eat in "The Greasy Spoon" or in "The Ultra-ultra," the menu usually goes along the same order—appetizer, meat or fish entree, salad, cooked vegetable, drink and dessert.

Why this routine was ever established, I don't know but it is like the column headed "What the best-dressed men will wear."

We may put this frill or that frumpery on it but essentially he still wears a pair of trousers and a coat.

The frills and the frumperies of the "best-dressed menu" are usually the same—whatever our criticism may be of the soup, entree, vegetable, drink and dessert.

The first of the entire list—the appetizer—seems the most stupid to me.

If we belong to a particular set, the before-sitting-down cocktail is the opening of the knife-and-fork anvil chorus.

If it is a legitimate performance, instead mine hostess proffers a fruit salad or caviar or some other salted or spiced similarity.

If it happens to be "The Greasy Spoon," the appetizer at the beginning is the bowl of crackers served preparatory to the dish of soup.

They are both the same—a foolish institution of current practice that makes us overeat and glut ourselves to surfeiture.

If you are not hungry, why sit down at the table? If you are hungry, why in the name of common sense do you need an appetizer?

But such is habit and custom. We proceed about all these things with little or no regard to the intrinsic common sense!

• • •

Feminine Charm

I have never posed as a beauty specialist nor for that matter am I, in any sense, an authority on what constitutes feminine loveliness. But certain things a long practical experience has taught me. I know that the average woman can have a beautiful body and yet lack charm.

Charm is embodied in more than the physical attainments—pleasing contours, even symmetry of face, a good complexion, bright eyes. These may be attributes of physical beauty—yet, unless more were present, they would not, of themselves, be the sole ingredients of charm.

From the viewpoint of physical attainments, time and again an otherwise pleasing personality may be altered to one utterly displeasing and unlikeable.

A woman may have lovely eyes. What about the sparkle to them? If she is heavy-eyed with too much food, drink, autointoxication, or sleepless nights, much of the beauty of her eyes is lost.

She may have lovely teeth—yet, if a film from dietetic excesses accumulates, it is readily ascertainable.

She may have pleasing lips, utterly kissable—yet, if the breath that comes through is foul or tainted, charm is lost.

She may have a lovely body and be ever so graceful but if that body gives forth unpleasant odors from a dozen and one causes, the grace and beauty of form are lost sight of.

It is a characteristic of human psychology that one obvious defect shuts out our view of all subtle niceties and beauty.

A woman needs to be more than blessed by nature with youth, lovely face or pleasang body.

What does she do with it if nature has endowed her?

A well-formed body, slovenly kept, with posture that is careless and indifferent, loses much of its effect.

Even the wearing of clothes is dependent not so much upon the clothes or even upon the wearer but upon a certain subtle relationship between the two. When this subtle thing is present, a woman can look charming even in men's attire if she graces it sufficiently.

For all these purposes not only the subtle arts of beauty should be understood but the more open forms of good health.

If the menstrual function is distorted or poorly attended, it plays havoc not only with the physical ingredients of good health but with that more subtle thing we call charm.

That "it" thing—the pleasing personality, the vivacity and the vigor which characterize "the woman of a thousand"—is lost by dissipation—dietetic, sexual, alcoholic, late hours, overwork or overworry.

I should put it that 10 per cent of a woman's charm comes from acquired art—90 per cent from the more solid substance of everyday living.

These are considerations of primary importance for those to whom charm means something.

• • •

Free Leaflets

In this week's issue of "Care of the Body," the following subjects have been discussed, for which we have free leaflets ready for distribution:

Constipation
Asthma
Care During Pregnancy
Care of the Baby the First Year

These leaflets are available for a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a loose 2-cent stamp.

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May I express my appreciation of the success you have made in correcting my wife's foot trouble.
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DR. A. N. WARD, A.M., D.D., LL.D.
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St. Vincent Church, 621 Adams St., Los Angeles.

Many of the inmates of the St. Joseph Hospital and St. Anne Academy have been relieved of their foot pains by his modern method of foot correction.
RIGHT REV. FATHER LETERME,
Bishops Palace, Victoria.

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ALAN S. PEARCE,
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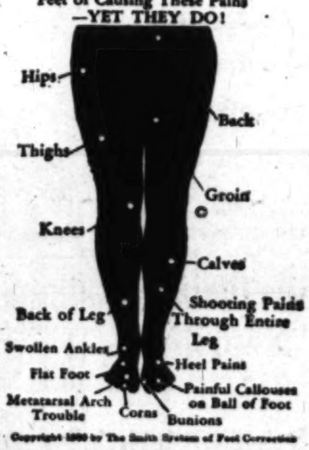

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Drawings by Charles H. Owens

Seen From the Wander Trail

By John Steven McGroarty

ON OUR journey in a railway train across the Continent from the green Verdugo Hills to New York where a ship waited to carry us to Spain, we fell into talk one day with a man who has made that same journey across the Continent many times.

He has crossed in railway trains, in automobiles and in airships. Every way, except on foot.

And when he mentioned that he had never made the journey on foot, we recalled to mind two men who had done so. Two men we had the honor to know—Dan O'Leary and Charles F. Lummis. They are both now asleep in quiet graves. And so, God rest them.

Now, as it happened, this man we talked to sits every blessed Sabbath morning in the Synagogue and is, moreover, a member of the Congregation of the Faithful, because he says his prayers every night and every morning. Which is, maybe, the reason we put much confidence in all that he said. We are ready at any time to take the word of a man who says his prayers, even though he may not be a member of a church.

Well, anyway, the man was saying to us that, after all his experiences, he now prefers to make the transcontinental journey in a railway train rather than by any other method of travel.

He pointed out the comforts we were enjoying at the moment. A wonderful caravan equipped with the conveniences of a good hotel. Good beds to sleep in, good meals, a library, arrangements for letter writing, baths, a barber and a ladies' maid.

And all the time, day and night, on the go. A couple of hundred miles covered while you slept, more miles while you sat at dinner or read a magazine. Cross sections of human life between the same walls with you. And no responsibility on your shoulders.

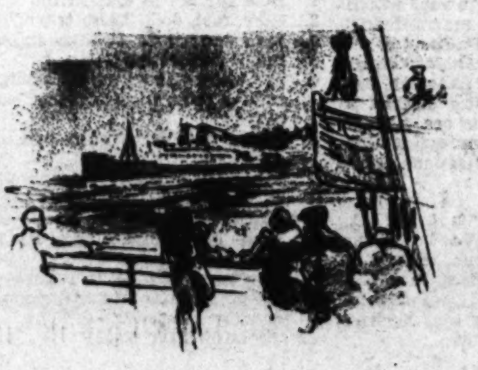
IT WAS those cross sections of human life that interested us most.

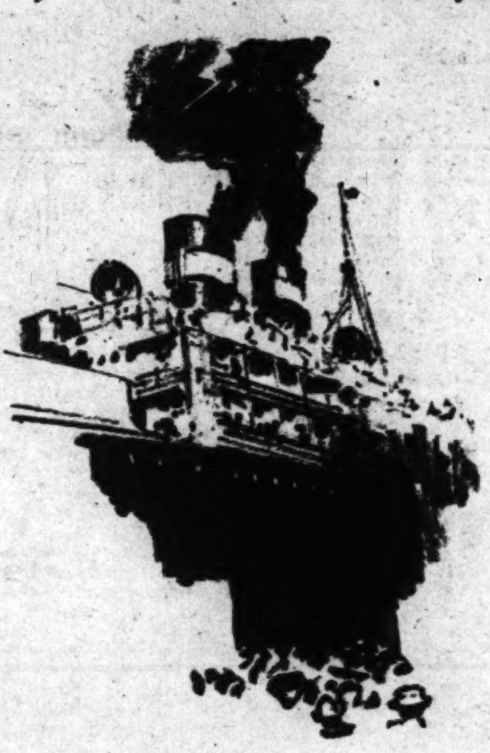
You get to know people and their stories when you travel with them for days and nights across the width of a continent.

One, with shining eyes, journeying to seek the rainbow's end and its crock of gold. Beside him another, baffled and with knitted brows, whose crock of gold was lost, and the hope of finding it again tenuous and vague. Business men groping for reasons and remedies for the present distress. A California banker en route to the national convention of bankers trusting that he would get some hope and good cheer out of what the big fellows would have to say. A musician out of a job, as thousands are in his profession because of the invention of the "talkies" and a pipe organ that operates by electric power and reproduces every instrument known to an orchestra.

IT WAS submitted to the banker who journeyed with us in the railway train that perhaps the story of the musician was the story of the whole trouble. Is it not the machine that has raised havoc with us all?

It is true, of course, that man has proved himself to be amazingly clever. Yet what he has done, when all is said, is that he has brought the world to the machine age, which is a far cry from the stone age, to be sure.





Very clever, indeed, has man proved himself to be. Yet, how about it?

Every time a machine is invented to do the work of four men it puts three men out of work. Every time a machine is invented to do the work of twenty men it puts nineteen men out of work. There are lots of such machines, and more are in the making.

Just what is to be done about it is exactly what the wise men are trying to find out. It is a task for only the biggest and best brains. Those who are able to think must buckle down to scan the features of the Sphinx. And, alas, it is only the few who need even try to do that with any hope of success.

THE while that the group in the train was discussing with such hopelessness and futility these grave economic problems, we crossed vast cattle ranges and lush valleys in which golden opulent harvests awaited the reaper's scythe. And it seemed strange that there should be the cry of want in the face of so much.

Whatever is to blame—if blame there be—it cannot be laid at the door of our gracious and bounteous Mother Earth against whose warm, flowing breast a blind and groping world need but to press its lips.

IT WAS always a relief to turn to the human cross section of the train.

There was a sports-minded individual who traveled through the fourteen coaches ceaselessly from morning to night. It appeared that he took that way of expending a surplus of vital energy. Yet, he was a nice fellow, always jolly and full of good nature. Frequently he gave the children rides on his broad shoulders.

There was another chap who went coatless in the obvious endeavor to call attention to a close fitting pink shirt he wore. His trousers were modeled for golf links. And he was constantly engaged in either shaving or washing himself and combing his hair. Everybody was curious to see what the girl looks like who waited for him at the station where he was to disembark. But, the opportunity did not come. He left the train some time in the night.

At a station in Kansas a fat man stormed into the buffet car much after what must have been the manner of Alexander that time, long ago, when he had set forth to crush Asia under the Macedonian heel. As he imperiously punched the bell to order the attendant, and surveyed the lounging passengers with his withering scorn, our wonder grew as to who his high mightiness might be. A political boss, maybe, or the coach of a high school football team.

We waited for the thunder of his commands to the trembling Negro vassal who stood before him.

At last he spoke. But it was not thunder. It was, instead, a strange falsetto squeak that had no majesty in it at all.

We were disappointed, but, at the same time, relieved. We realized that even conquerors are made of common clay. Caesar whimpered like a baby when he had chills and fever. They are none of them anything more than Pete Jones is, or Bill Brown. An old woman sat wearily in her section throughout the whole journey. Our heart went out to her in her patient submission. She seemed unutterably and immemorially tired, as though life had wrought unending toil upon her. Here was a chance for rest and relaxation, yet she could not grasp it. The ruling habit of a life time would not permit her to do so. Even when the journey ended it perhaps would mean no change for her. The weariness would still go on. It is strange how in so many different ways life deals with those who come and go upon the dusty pathways of the world.

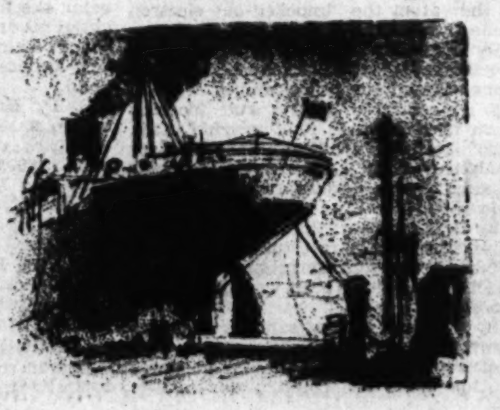
THE train sped for nearly a whole day through a region where great winds were blowing. We were told that it is never otherwise on those wide plains. The trees tossed ceaselessly, and the air was laden with a white dust that covered the country like a mist.

We wondered how people could endure life in a place where there is no rest from winds night or day from year's end to year's end. How is it they do not go mad? We think if it were our fate to live there we would come to curse the very name of winds.

TOWARD the close of the second day of our journey our caravan of the rails came into a country of winding rivers. How welcome was the sight of them after the desolation of the deserts. Rivers and trees lifting their green branches to the sky. They are old friends—the river and the trees.

Now it is to bid good-bye for awhile to the caravans, We must take to the ships. "Over the sea lies Spain." And it is to Spain we go.

And we shall follow again the ancient trails of the Phoenicians, our ancestors, who were first to spread a sail on green sea waters.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

CARE OF THE BODY

Ours is a notoriously good climate for all respiratory disturbances principally because it is warm and secondarily because our atmosphere is free from impurities which we find so prevalent in the East. Our lack of humidity tends to carry obnoxious gases of industry and commerce to higher levels where they interfere less with our breathing than in localities less favored than ours.

Hence, the sufferers from this trouble should try to approximate their climatic conditions as closely as possible to that present in our own Mojave Desert.

Unless the trouble becomes more involved or complications set in which imply the breakdown of the lung tissues, chronic pleurisy responds very readily to these measures.

In short, they may be summarized as follows: Corrective diet, free from all irritation, the removal of centers of poisonous dissemination, sun baths, strengthening gymnastics, overcoming of defects in breathing and a favorable climate.

• • •

Asthma

There is scarcely a trainload of passengers landed at any of our central railroad stations but does not deposit at least one victim of this trouble.

Throughout the United States doctors are shipping asthmatic patients to Southern California.

There is some legitimacy to this purpose in addition to the very ostensible getting rid of a patient when one cannot cure him.

Orthodox medicine cannot cure asthma, for there is no drug in the pharmacopoeia which is effective for this purpose.

There are scores and scores of remedies which serve to control an attack, to minimize the suffering, to relax the tissues, to relieve the congestion, and so forth. But none of them even purport to cure asthma.

Hence, when a patient has been going to the doctor month in and month out, the doctor, to save "face," will recommend another climate.

Southern California has the reputation—hence the unloading of so many asthmatics onto this climate.

Since they are here, something must be done for them.

First and foremost, an intelligent knowledge of the nature of their trouble is essential.

If I could do nothing more than to convince most of them that drugs are futile, it would be a tremendous help in the right direction.

In addition, they must understand the nature of their trouble.

Asthma may come from a dozen different causes, a few of which I shall mention.

We find it with chronic nasal and respiratory catarrh. It is present with heart troubles of different types. It is also present with gout, rheumatism, syphilis, nephritis and even in cases of abnormalities of the thyroid and thymus.

Some authorities claim that it is hereditary in nature, although I doubt this. What probably occurs is a transmission of predisposition—not the direct transmission of asthma per se.

When a background of favorable causes exists it takes very little to induce an attack.

Inhalation of irritant gases, fogs, dust, animal or plant exudates, emotional or sexual excitation, and so on, are all responsible elements.

Asthma is more frequently found in men than in women. It is more prevalent in the cold climates than in the warm.

It is my firm belief that autointoxication is the root cause behind most of it with a secondary background of anatomical disturbances such as falling of the viscera, spinal lesions, and so forth.

When an attack comes on there are better methods of relieving it than resort to a "hypo" with its deadly contents.

The ice pack applied around the neck will relieve a mild attack in from ten to fifteen minutes.

The gargling or drinking of ice water will serve a similar purpose.

Both induce a constriction of the pneumogastric nerve—the nerve which governs the action of the diaphragm.

An enema taken at once will prevent much of the attack.

Gaseous fermentation should be relieved.

Gentle massage of the neck muscles will help.

In the background, however, we must never overlook the root causes—the dietetic irritation, the excessive strain placed upon the heart by too much food in general and the absorption of toxic wastes which should be eliminated through the regular channels of elimination.

Then we must inaugurate a system of regular exercise and discipline sufficient

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WHAT'S NEW IN SCIENCE

Conducted by Ransome Sutton

Los Angeles Man Invents Device for Sending Audible Letters by Mail, in "Phonogram" Form—Gist of Scientific Papers Read Before National Academy Meeting—The Sun's Gravitational Field—Oil Pump Evolved from Dream

Phonograms

TALKING, singing, or laughing letters—your own communications, formal or informal—to your folks, or friends, or business correspondents, are already a laboratory reality. You step in a booth, drop a quarter in a slot, then address a microphone just as one speaks into a telephone receiver in a telephone pay station; and, having finished what you wanted to say, you pick up a record, put it in a small envelop with a 2-cent stamp on it and mail it like an ordinary letter. The person receiving the letter places it on a phonograph and hears the actual voice of the person who sent the phonogram.

Phonograms are produced somewhat in the way phonograph records are produced, but phonogram records are nothing but ordinary cardboard which has been dipped in a chemical. While you are talking into a microphone, the chemically-coated cardboard disk revolves, and a hot pointed needle, connected with a vibrating diaphragm, "stenographs" your words, tones, inflections and all, and it is the sound of your own voice that comes out of the phonograph. You simply go into a booth, pay a mechanical stenographer that does not chew gum 25 cents for a talking letter, and that is the whole story."

The phonogram machine is the invention of Augusto Bissiri, of Los Angeles, who as long ago as 1910 sent the first photograph by cable across the Atlantic—from the New York Times to the London Times. Television was expensive then. The sending of that photograph cost the inventor exactly 317 pounds sterling, but it was the beginning of television—just as this first phonogram is the beginning of articulate letters.

The first practical model of Bissiri's phonogram is pictured on this page. It is in operation at Gillette's Laboratory, 490 North Orange Drive, Hollywood. Mr. Bissiri is not developing his invention commercially; that work is being done jointly by the General Electric Company, and the Radio Corporation of America.

It is a very interesting device, with great possibilities.

Inside the "Phonogram" booth, showing how the voice, spoken into a microphone, is carried to the small disk of the machine, recorded thereon and may then be mailed as an "audible letter."

Academy Announcements Summarized

AT THE two Southern California sessions of the National Academy of Science, held last month, twenty-two papers were read by local workers, whose researches extend far beyond the bounds of existing general scientific knowledge, and these papers are beginning to appear in technical journals. Expressed briefly, the gist of some of the announcements are as follows:

By Dr. Millikan: that cosmic rays are not electrons, but ether waves whose intensity is not affected by altitude or by proximity to the north magnetic pole; they come "out of the nowhere into the here" from all portions of the sky uniformly.

By Dr. Watson: when electrons are knocked out of atoms, they can be curved from a straight line by magnets; then, by photographing the curved line in gases, it is possible to tell what "orbit" in the atom the knocked-out electron came from and how fast it was going.

By Dr. DuMond: using a "fifty-crystal spectrograph," invented by himself, he demonstrated the practicability of picking up scattered X-rays and focusing them upon a single photographic plate, thus obtaining an X-ray spectrum for analytical study which is fifty times as distinct as has heretofore been obtainable.

By Dr. Lauritsen: that the 600,000-volt gamma ray, or X-ray, tube designed to bombard electrons form protons, upon which he has long been working, is now a reality.

By Dr. Stock: That samples of excrement, found in Gypsum Cave, Nev., give a clew to the climate, flora and fauna of this southwest country during late Pleistocene time, making it possible to determine the succession of mammalian life, and perhaps to fit man's first appearance into the scene.

By Dr. Borsook: That kidneys have very low efficiency, but an enormous capacity for work; they work all the time, too slowly to get tired and never need to rest.

By Dr. Bridges: That sex is not determined by the mere presence of an X-chromosome in a fertilized egg, but by the ratio between the number of such chromosomes and the number of other chromosomes.

By Dr. Michal: That vibrating objects—and everything seems to have a rhythm of its own—have "an infinite number of dimensions plus time," as seen in a vibrating string, or wave of any kind, this being the first attempt to extend differehtial geometry to infinity, plus time. It sounds like the Arabian "Thousand and One Nights," but is harder to comprehend.

By Dr. Hubble: That he and Mr. Humason have measured the distance and velocities of thirty-five new nebulae, some 75,000,000 light years away.

By Drs. Nicholson and Pettit: About the use of supersensitive thermocouples for taking the temperatures of planets and stars.

By Drs. Badger, Urmston and Isbell: About photo-chemical reactions and discoveries which would have convicted them of wizardry a few years ago.

All these papers, bristling with new things in science, are now being studied critically by the members of the academy.

A Dream Pump

JAMES F. GALLAGHER, of Berkeley, dreamed about an electric pump to draw oil from wells too deep for existing pumps. While working on his dream-pump, however, he died, and his widow refused to listen to those who said, "It's impossible, so save your money." Mrs. Gallagher and an engineer, Dr. E. C. Ekstromer, carried on, and now the dream is said to have come true. According to oil experts, this "dream pump" promises to revive some 3000 California wells which have been abandoned because the lifting cost of the oil has heretofore been too high.

Strange Stories

FROM Santa Barbara come two stories. The first is about oyster shells, dug up by road crews of the Forestry Service on the Camuesa Mountain highway, which are said to be "as big as a man's head." The second story tells about a sponge, received by the labor-enforcement officer from Washington for use in his office, becoming alive. Huge oysters existed a million years ago, when the ocean floor was raised up into the Camuesa Mountains, but the sponge story sounds a bit "fishy."

Zion City Science

WILBUR GLENN VOLIVA, overseer of the Zion City church, claims to have discovered new evidence that the earth is flat. "Actuated by scientific eagerness," he is making a tour around the world to prove his point.

Our Unexplored World

SPEAKING of the Arctic and Antarctic regions: "We still live in the age of discovery," Director Isaiah Bowman of the American Geographical Society told the National Academy at its University of California session. For if Eric the Red and Columbus were here today, "they would see a gravity-defying man flying upside down in the air, or walking in an air-bubble helmet on the floor of the sea, or hitch-hiking on the tail of a storm. However old the world may seem when judged by the records of the rocks, it is in an intellectual and exploratory sense tremendously new." Then, referring to polar explorations and the influence of weather conditions in polar latitudes upon the weather of the temperate zones, he showed that 10,000,000,000 tons of air shifts semiannually from hemisphere to hemisphere, and that "the total energy of the motion of the winds of the earth has been calculated at something near 20,000,000,000 horsepower hours—"a force as yet hardly harnessed at all.

The Sun's Influence Widened

ASTRONOMERS Nicholson and Mayall of Mt. Wilson, and Leuschner, Bower and Whipple of Lick Observatory, have jointly determined the orbit of the new planet Pluto. Its distance from the sun is 65 per cent greater than Neptune's orbit, so the sun's gravitational field—the field in which we live—is much wider than even astronomers heretofore supposed. Away out there in space, some 3,700,000,000 miles away, it is still strong enough to hold a planet nearly as large as the earth in place. And in the offing beyond Pluto, there may be more planets.

The Mina-Bird

THE discovery of a small colony of mina-birds at large in Southern California has caused considerable concern to a number of chambers of commerce and to grape nad cherry growers. For the minas are very intelligent pests, even worse than crows. Heretofore the only ones known in this country were caged pets. They learn to speak more distinctly than parrots, as visitors to the Catalina Bird Park know. The mina belongs to the starling family, being slightly larger than a blackbird; it has a yellow beak and brown feathers. If such a bird is seen at large, it should be reported to the State Chamber of Commerce.

Add Ten Years to Life's Span

MEDICAL science has reached the point where it is safe to say that a child born today should live ten years longer than a child of twenty years ago, according to an announcement made by the United States Public Health Service. In the last two decades, the average span of life has been lengthened from 48 to 58 years. No child need now die of smallpox or diphtheria, we are told. Vaccination takes care of smallpox and antitoxin of diphtheria.

Questions

1. How far is the earth from the sun?
2. How fast does light travel?
3. How long does it take sunlight to reach the earth?
4. At noon how much energy per square yard does the sun send the earth?
5. About how many stars can unaided eyes see?
6. About how many stars are visible through large telescopes?
7. What is the largest known star?
8. What is the diameter of the largest known star?
9. How many quarts in a bushel?
10. Where are human sweat glands most densely located?

Answers on Page Ten.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

CARE OF THE BODY

haps may even destroy all the living "bugs" on the surface of the mucous membrane.

Nevertheless, antiseptic sprays cannot reach germs involved in the cold for the reason that these germs are in the deep tissues where the antiseptics cannot reach them.

The swollen mucous membrane exuding pus, phlegm and other products of decomposition cannot, in its nature, absorb the antiseptic gargles and sprays. If it did, serious harm would result.

So the only thing we can possibly accomplish is to destroy those bugs lying superficially, a relatively futile objective.

You should understand that the only thing of vital concern in combating a cold is the removal of the fundamental causes underlying it.

The cleansing of the body, the raising of the resistance, the restoration of nerve tone and vitality—the rules for these I have given you repeatedly.

First, stop eating, or if it is imperative that you proceed about your duties, confine your diet to fruit juices and vegetable broths.

Next, clean house. See that the bowels are clean. Take at least two high enemas daily, approximately a quart at a time until you feel you are well cleansed internally.

Drink liberal quantities of water.

If circumstances permit, take a sweat bath.

An excellent home substitute for a sweat bath is a warm tub bath. Follow it by additional sweating induced by an extra number of blankets. When in bed, have some other member of the family serve you some warm lemonade made of water, lemon juice and honey. Place a cold compress around the neck and hot water bottles to the feet.

If the head is congested, a fifteen-minute warm foot bath will do much toward clearing the passages.

There is no necessity for drugs, gargles, sprays, serums or vaccines when you become subject to the common cold.

I am firmly of the belief that practically all of the complications which take place as a sequence to the cold come not so much because of the cold per se, but rather because of complications we induce when we "mess up" the cold with the wrong type of treatment.

If we recognize the toxic state of the body in the condition of a cold, our idea should be to "clean house" rather than acquire the complications of additional and comparatively unknown "remedies" in the form of medicines.

The common cold yields to common sense ably and effectively.

• • •

What is Immunity?

As we reflect over the vast panorama of man's ailments, we cannot help but consider the ramifications of disease and good health.

Why are some well and some sick? Why do we, as human beings, have certain ailments lower animals do not have, while we are immune to others which they have?

What is there in the word "immunity" which so intrigues the imagination? What properties does it confer upon those whom it renders safe from disease?

Why is it that the Caucasian race is relatively immune to syphilis, while many of the aboriginals, when once they come in contact with it, succumb like a veritable plague?

Why are horses immune to diphtheria, while children get it only up to a certain age?

What makes Negroes comparatively immune to yellow fever and Japanese to scarlet fever, while, on the other hand, when the Negro gets tuberculosis, he gets it in its most virulent form?

Why are Chinese comparatively immune to tetanus, while the average European gets it in many of the mildest types of infections?

These are but tiny aspects in a broad field of research and investigation that science must solve before the world's problems of health and disease can be overcome.

• • •

Chronic Pleurisy

Very frequently a patient will complain of chest pains, especially upon deep breathing—yet have few of the symptoms of acute ailments.

In such conditions chronic pleurisy may often be suspected, especially where the patient has just recently recovered from a more serious respiratory ailment such as influenza, acute pleurisy, pneumonia, bronchitis and so forth.

Our common understanding of pleurisy is that it is an acute disease. The chronic form is not as well understood. The symptoms are somewhat the same as acute pleurisy except that they are not as severe.

There is a sense of fullness in the chest. There is difficulty upon exertion and what the patient describes as a "hurt" in certain localities.

Chronic, dry pleurisy may follow the acute form. The fluid in the pleura is rapidly absorbed and then slowly thickens. The two pleura walls come together and cause pain with each breath.

The doctor with a stethoscope should have little difficulty in diagnosing the trouble, especially if there be a background or history along this line.

In some cases there might be confusion with a similar disturbance known as empyema or pus in the lungs.

The main treatment deals with the removal of the pleural effusion.

The correction of nutritional causes is of importance.

All aggravating conditions must be overcome.

If the tonsils are pus-laden, the massage measures and the other means of correction which I have prescribed in my free leaflet on the subject should be followed.

Constipation must be overcome.

All prolapses, sagging of the abdomen and incorrect methods of breathing must be corrected.

It responds to constitutional correction very readily.

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A SUMMER *with* THE HOPIS

By
Everett D. Newcomer
as told to
Ernest Douglas

ALL the world has heard of the Hopi Indians of Northern Arizona. The world has heard of them chiefly because of their Snake Dance, perhaps the most spectacular religious ceremony enacted by any people. Because they dance in garish costumes, with live and venomous serpents in their mouths, they are famous; for the same reason they are often maligned by ignorant and sensational writers and misunderstood by everybody. The Snake Dance is commonly looked upon as a "good show;" whereas it is in truth a solemn and worshipful invocation with a significance to the Hopis as deep and tender as the mass or baptism is to us.

I spent last summer on the dry and sterile Hopi reservation in the midst of the beautiful but awesome Painted Desert. I slept as a guest in their homes, ate their food, participated in their games and daily occupations, photographed—when it was permitted—their numerous dances and other rituals. And I say—not without fear of contradiction for no doubt many will rise to denounce me as a faker—that nearly everything which has been written about the Hopis is wrong. Most white men, it seems to me, have failed to fathom the essential element of the Hopi's character: his piety, his simple but boundless faith in the lore and wisdom handed down by his fathers.

To the Hopi everything is divinity. There is no natural law, only the will and caprice of multitudinous gods. If his corn grows well when he plants and cultivates it in a certain way, it is because he has won the favor of the spirits. His prayers were effective, not his husbandry. Every operation, from the planting of the grains with a prayer stick to the winter storing of dried ears, is carried out with the idea of propitiating invisible powers. His life is one long struggle to pierce the veil of mystery, one unending series of experiments to determine what rites and sacrifices will please the gods. If it does not rain, or birds destroy his crop, or sickness comes, it is because something that the gods demanded of the Hopis was not executed in the proper manner. A priest sprinkled blessed meal from right to left when it should have been sprinkled from left to right; the heart of some dancer was not clean, not duly purified in advance; the celestial requirements may have changed.

Formerly the katchena dances, which most Hopis regard as infinitely more important than the Snake Dance, lasted only a few hours. Many years ago one of them failed to bring the rain that was so badly needed. The leaders were much troubled and instead of dismissing the participants at the usual time decreed that their efforts should be continued. So through the long day they danced, going through the same motions and chanting the same chants over and over again. Shortly after sundown there came a downpour. Now all katchena dances last from sunrise to sunset.

Eagles tethered on roof-tops, to be sacrificed later at ne-man katchena dance in village of Mack-ongnovi.

Costume of the boy, who is about sixteen years old, indicates that it is his first dance.

The katchenas, so the Hopis believe, are the souls of very old and wise priests who have passed on. Through the autumn and winter they live far up near the summit of San Francisco Peak, a few miles from Flagstaff. About the first of our calendar year they come down to the Hopi mesas and for the next six months enact the roles of fairies to all and of Santa Clauses to small children. Great honors are paid to them by all Hopis and particularly by members of the Katchena Clan, one of the twenty or so groups into which the tribe is divided for social and religious purposes.

When the katchena priests of a village decide that a dance is advisable, the date is publicly announced. Those who are summoned to take part gather and practice the dance movements and chants at set times, which may fall in either the day or night. While sitting and chanting they keep the machinery of industry moving by spinning yarn on spinning wheels.

Right after sundown, on the night preceding the dance, the dancers collect in the village kiva. This is an underground room, usually about fifteen by twenty-four feet, often used as a sort of club but chiefly for secret ceremonies. Entrance is by a ladder through the roof.

At the entrance end is the kiva shrine, and a bench about eighteen inches high stands against the wall. Immediately under the ladder is a fireplace, so placed that the smoke may drift through the opening.

Around the fireplace sit several smokers; one of them is the master of ceremonies, or head smoker, who loads and lights and cleans five or six black stone pipes with reed stems. The pipes pass from hand to hand, and as a Hopi relinquishes one he begs forgiveness for any wrong that he may have done his neighbor who receives it.

Smoke rises upward of its own accord, seeking the gods, and therefore is something sacred. With each puff goes a prayer, formed in the mind of the smoker and carried with the smoke to the abodes of the spirits. The whole idea is to cleanse the souls and bodies of those who are to dance on the morrow; if any take part who are unclean the whole effect is vitiated.

Smokers come and go until three o'clock. All the dancers then troop out into the village, wearing their katchena masks, and chant several of their songs.

A Hopi man, a host, in ordinary dress, approaches and makes a short speech. He expresses surprise and joy that the katchenas have come to the village, and bids them welcome.

The dancers then return to the kiva and eat food brought by the women. At sunrise they emerge again and move to a square dance court. This time they are fully costumed in ceremonial garments, with pine boughs from the katchena mountain stuck in their sashes. Each carries a gourd rattle; on his left foot are little metal bells; on his right foot are a dried turtle shell and three dried sheep hoofs, each having its own peculiar ritualistic value.

They line up in the court where a small pine tree, also from San Francisco Peak, stands at one end. In the middle of the line is a leader, with a lieutenant in front and another behind.

The leader begins to shake his rattle and stamp his right foot. Others follow suit, from one end of the line to the other, moving around to the left. When the last man in line picks up the cadence the pitch is changed by the leader. Through their painted masks, usually of canvas, they drone rhythmically—something between a hum and a chant, with no distinct words.

This movement continues for six or seven minutes. The katchenas march around the pine tree, dropping corn meal. Many of the dancers leave the line to seek out their little nephews and nieces and bestow upon them simple gifts, such as sweet cakes, melons, fruits, dolls dressed in katchena costumes, all of which are treasured by the wide-eyed youngsters as coming from fairyland. (In the curious Hopi social system a man's sister's children are nearer to him than his own.)

The dancing and chanting are repeated on the opposite side of the court. Finally the dancers retire to the "katchena home," some secluded spot nearby. There they remove their masks and rest for perhaps a quarter of an hour.

While the katchenas are gone, a number of clowns, their bodies striped with black and white and outlandishly attired, take possession of the dancing place and amuse the spectators with farcical antics or comic dialogues. These performers may not even be members of the clan. "If that isn't so I'll be a clown at the next katchena dance," is a vow often made and fulfilled. For their efforts at entertainment they are rewarded by the women with gifts of food.

At sundown, the dance being over, the host who has welcomed them the night

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)

Clowns dividing food and other gifts of the villagers after katchena dance at Walpi.

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Health Hints on Request

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

CARE OF THE BODY

portion of the intestine to do their work properly.

In short, the presence of considerable gas prevents a normal bowel action even though all of the other functions are apparently in good working order.

It is essential that not only the gas be eliminated at that time but that new fermentation does not occur.

The problem of gaseous fermentation is also an involved one. It deals with many factors such as the food we eat, the amount of exercise we take, our weight, the adiposity of the tissues, the position of the stomach and intestines, the quality of the digestive secretions, the nervous and mental state, the depressions and psychoses, and so on.

I can merely give a suggestion or two for immediate relief. In the acute gas attack, of course, enemas are essential.

The Diet and Fermentation

Where one becomes chronically bloated, the chances are ten to one the trouble lies in the diet.

A good precedure is to simplify the meal extensively. Instead of six or seven items, try taking one or two.

Another good suggestion is to increase the frequency and decrease the quantity of food.

Time and again, where the digestive system is tolerant to a small quantity of food, it is intolerant to a large quantity.

In the acute gas attack, gentle, skillfully given abdominal massage is an invaluable aid.

Warm abdominal packs serve to relax the tense muscles.

I go into this problem much more extensively in still another leaflet on stomach gas. Procure this under the same conditions as given above.

I have presented three problems which I consider of the utmost importance in the major issue—constipation. They are part and parcel of one and the same process—a derangement of the function of the intestinal tract, a derangement which expresses itself in an allied group of symptoms.

A knowledge of these essential aspects of constipation should help one in its permanent solution.

Next week I shall present some of the diet phases of this vexing question. I shall then attempt to enunciate gradually the line of effort along which we must go to procure the best results.

• • •

The Common Cold

From an economic viewpoint, the common cold is probably responsible for more loss of time than all other ailments combined. Probably not more than two or three out of several thousand are immune from this trouble year in and year out.

It is claimed that the Alpine resident, living at an altitude of 6000 feet, never gets a cold. However, when he descends into the valley below his immunity ceases. Our bacteriologists say that this is because the germs involved in a cold are absent at such a height.

In all probability the rarification of the aid tends to protect the mucous membrane where the bacteria gather.

This also has, in all likelihood, something to do with the universal idea that when we have a cold the mountains are good for us. Perhaps it is because we tend to live an outdoor life more, or to a greater extent, than in our congested cities. Maybe it is the atmosphere that makes us immune. The entire theory is conjectural.

Suffice to say that with the onset of October thousands of people will "catch" cold for one reason or another.

Note, I say "catch." It should rather be "acquire," for I am most firmly of the belief that there is nothing in the theory of one person "catching" a cold from another.

We "acquire" it because we are susceptible. If the "catching" process were true, it should be true in the ironclad senes—that everyone in contact should get it. Yet we know that but a few get it while most do not.

On the other hand, it is absolutely impossible to create an environment of such a degree of sterility and freedom from bacteria that we would be immune from a cold even though our resistance is lowered.

So instead of concerning ourselves with the "bugs" involved, we would be far wiser in paying more attention to the physical conditions invariably preceding a cold.

These conditions are well known:

Exposure, severe chill, wet, over-fatigue, excessive drinking of either intoxicating or stimulating liquids, over-eating, inhalation of irritating dust or gas, loss of sleep, and so forth.

These are the primary causative agents.

The symptoms are well established.

There may be an itching of the soft palate, sneezing and a burning sensation in the back of the throat, the so-called "sore" throat, a discharge of the watery fluid from the nose, headache, weakness, aching of the muscles and a rise of temperature. In addition, the bowels are usually constipated and breathing is slightly impaired.

We may have modifications of these symptoms in considerable variation or intensity.

The trouble is certainly not difficult to diagnose.

The main thing the lay person should understand about it deals essentially with prevention, or, when acquired, with its cure.

I have stated above that the germ is the secondary factor in the cold. For that matter, we do not even know which germ is involved so far as bacteriological investigations are concerned. There are mang organisms present.

The anti-cold serums or vaccines are fallacious in principle and practice. They are not specific in nature in addition to the general unreasonableness of the theory of serums in toto.

Most of the serums or vaccines are hypothecated on the presumption that the germ is known. In the common cold, the germ is unknown.

The fallacy, therefore, of taking "bug" juices in any form should be evident. They are merely experimental, conjectural, uncertain and mainly unknown.

The other efforts to do away with the "bug" are equally as unsatisfactory. The nasal or mouth spray so faithfully applied by so many cold victims may make the mucous membrane tingle and per-

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The Enemy At Your Table

Common Salt Direct Cause of Many Diseases, Says Noted Health Authority.

By Prof. Paul C. Bragg

LOS ANGELES has been the scene of a startling food discovery that gives promise of changing the dietetic standards of the nation. I can submit positive proof that many diseases and ailments, hitherto attributed to a wide variety of causes, may be traced directly to common table salt.

Here and now I offer a new ray of hope to thousands suffering with constipation, gas, rheumatism, arthritis, neuritis, liver trouble, high blood pressure, lack of vitality and kindred disorders. Many of you have tried natural foods—and wondered why you obtained no results.

Some of you have tried any number of treatments—mineral waters, hot springs, chiropractic, osteopathy, massage, faith healing, etc. But admirable as many of these aids are, they are powerless to help you as long as you continue to poison yourself three times a day with that enemy of the table, common salt.

Table salt, first of all, is an INORGANIC substance. It is as hard and indigestible as ROCKS. You wouldn't think of putting powdered marble or granite on your food, and yet you're doing precisely that when you use salt.

In proof of this, people who have been running a blood pressure as high as 225 have gone down to normal in 72 hours by giving up table salt. But I realize that many of you, accustomed to seasoning all your life, will not give up your salt without something to take its place. And it was this knowledge that brought about my amazing discovery, LIVE SPRINKLE.

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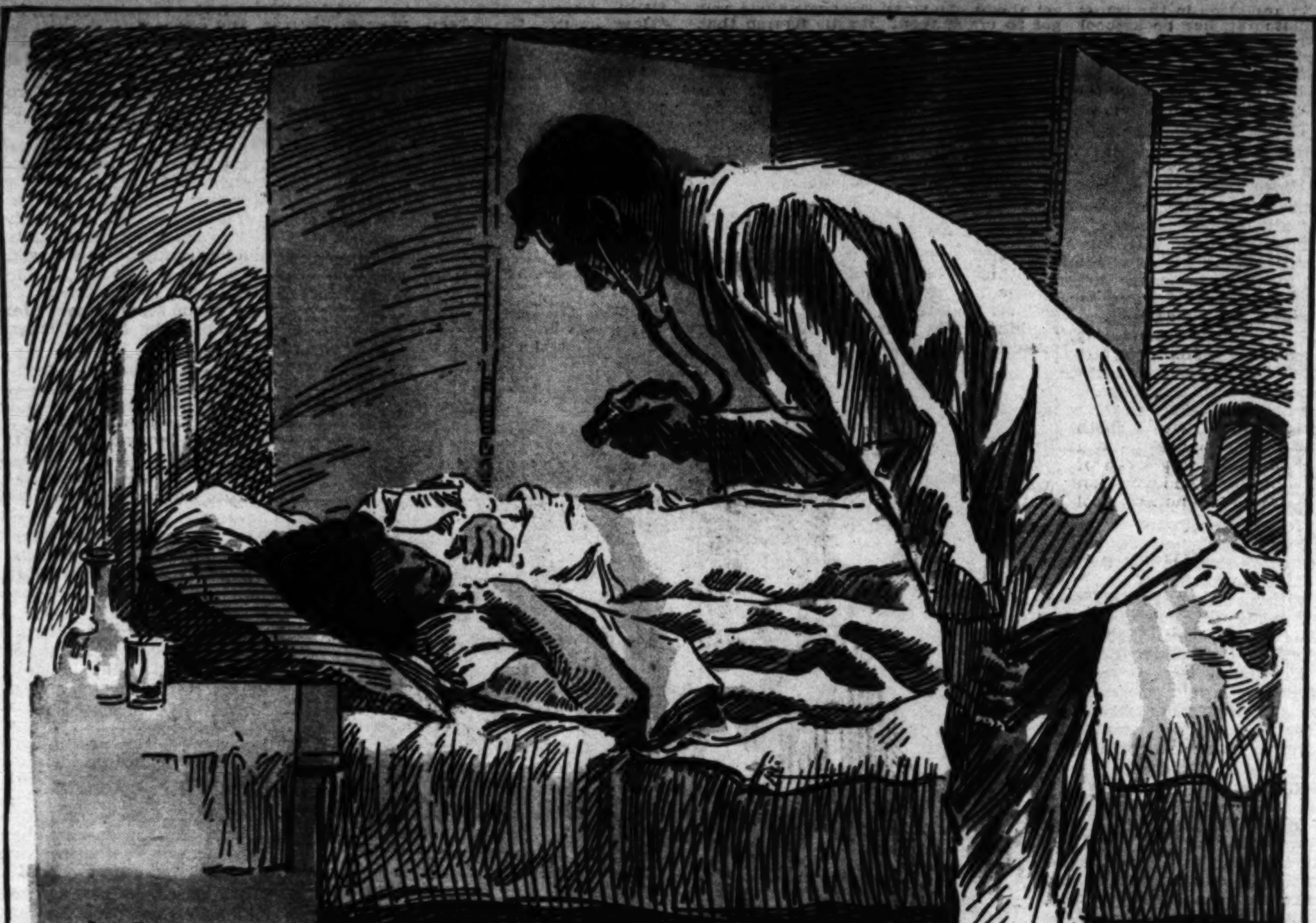

"Seems he came in one day in a white coat and white pants to listen to her heart, and she fell for him."

HIM *and* HER

He Was a Poor Boy to Begin With, But When She Came Along and Fell in Love With Him, He Figured That Here Was His Chance

By Katherine Brush

"SHE'S twelve years older than he is," Delia said.

"She's forty-four and he's thirty-two. Here, let me give you a piece of this lemon meringue pie."

"Oh, no, Delia. No, thanks. I'm full up."

"Just this much."

"We-ll. It looks awfully good."

"It is good," said Delia. "I made it this morning."

Deftly, on a knife, she transferred a triangle of lemon custard topped with meringue to her visitor's plate, where it lay among cake crumbs. "They liked it," she added. "He ate two pieces. He likes my cooking, anyway."

"You're a fine cook," the visitor said. "You always was, Delia."

Delia, putting the rest of the pie away, nodded matter-of-factly.

The visitor took up her fork. "Well. Go on. You was tellin' me." She detached a section of custard and crust, conveyed it to her mouth, and continued thickly: "Twelve years older, you say?"

"Yeah."

"She is? Or he is?"

"She is."

"My," said the guest. "That's a lot for the lady to be older." She added curiously, "How do you know she is?"

Delia slammed a cupboard door. "Well, for one thing—I got eyes in my head to see with. And for another thing, I know. I've heard 'em talking."

"Talkin' about how old they are?"

"Sort of," said Delia. "Sometimes they fight about it. Or she fights about it. He don't say anything, except to tell her she's wrong."

"Wrong?"

"Oh, she keeps telling him she knows he wishes she was younger, and he says she's wrong. He says he don't wish anything of the kind, he never thinks about it at all, he says. But she keeps on telling him and telling him."

"He's a lovely man," Delia added irrelevantly. "Have another bite of pie, Jenny?"

Jenny shook her head emphatically. "It was awful good. But I couldn't, really."

Delia took the plate and fork to the sink and let hot water run on them. She reached for a dish towel. In the meantime her guest brushed crumbs from the table into the palm of a reddened hand, went to the open window, and fluttered the hand in the air.

"There!" Delia said.

"All through now, are you?"

"Yeah."

The kitchen was immaculate. Delia surveyed it, rolling down her black poplin sleeves, fastening the organdie cuffs at the wrists. "All through in here," she said. "I got to turn down the beds yet."

Her glance returned to her friend. "Like to see the rest of the apartment?"

Jenny would indeed.

They went through the swinging door, Delia in the lead. "This is the dining-room."

"My, it's grand, ain't it!"

Delia nodded indifferently. "I guess so. I got so used to it I forget if it is or if it isn't." So appended, "This rug's the mischief to keep clean, it marks if you look at it."

"Chairs are beautiful."

"She bought 'em from Spain."

"Is she Spanish?"

"No, but she's been there. She lived there a whole year once," Delia said. "She and her first husband. He was sick, that's why they went there. Harry, his name was. Harry somebody. Rich fella.

"He died," Delia concluded casually. "Died of consumption. This is the living-room."

A fluffy dog descended from a chair and came to meet them.

"Get away, you," said Delia.

Jenny giggled. "What kind of a dog do you call that?"

"That's a chow."

"It looks like a little lion."

"It's a pest," said Delia. "Its name is Ming Toy." She made a grimace, quick, eloquent. "It's hers," she said further. "Of course, he wouldn't give it house room."

The visitor was eyeing her surroundings. "Beautiful," she sighed.

"This was just done over," Delia said. "Just this fall. Some decorator did it from Madison avenue. Cost $4000, this room did."

"You don't say!"

They stood for some moments more, gazing about them.

"And in here," said Delia, starting forward suddenly, "is the lib'ary. See, it's all books."

Jenny followed at her heels. Side by side they stared in from the threshold.

"Doctor's books," suggested Jenny. "He's a doctor, ain't he?"

"Specialist," Delia corrected her. "Ears, nose and throat. But these aren't those kind of books. He keeps those kind downtown where his office is—anyway, I never saw but one or two around here. These here are just—you know—books to read."

"Surely are enough of 'em."

"He likes books," Delia said. "He don get much chance to read, though, when she's around. She keeps him hopping, believe me! Out every night they don't have company come in, and that's the way it goes.

"You see," explained Delia, switching off the light and turning back into the living-room, "she's afraid that he's going to think she's old if she says she wants to just sit home an evening and rest herself. So she has to make out like she's dying for excitement, to show him how young an' frisky she is."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. So all day she rests up and has massages all over. And then when it's time for him to come home she dolls up like Astor's pet horse and tells him to hurry up and get dressed too, and she fixes a shaker of cocktails with her very own lily-white hands,"—Delia grimaced again—"and they drink 'em, and away they go."

"It's a shame," concluded Delia, wagging her head. "Sometimes I feel so sorry for him I could just bawl. This here's her room. Stand still while I turn on a light."

Jenny stood still. Delia bustled into the gloom and found and pressed a tiny button under a bonnetlike pink taffeta lampshade. "She's only got soft lights in here, believe me," Delia said.

"How does she see to dress, I wonder."

"Dresses in her dressing-room. I'll show you that in a minute. Come on in!" directed Delia. "Don't be afraid. They won't be back for a long time yet; they've gone to the theater. And Germaine's out too. Germaine, that's her personal maid. She's always out in the evenings, Germaine is. She has it soft. Come in! Don't stand there."

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Care of the Body

By Philip M. Lovell, *N. D.*

Constipation

Series No. 6

Last week's article on this subject dealt with enemas and suppositories. I pointed out their effectiveness for emergency purposes alone. It was clearly shown that the enema is almost as pernicious as the chronic laxative when it is used over a considerable period of time.

The same applies to suppositories.

Neither of these measures is a satisfactory remedy for this all-embracing, universal problem.

In this article I want to take up two or three ailments which, although not involved in constipation, yet bear such a direct relationship to it as to be of the utmost, vital importance.

Hemorrhoids and Constipation Are One

The first is hemorrhoids.

Although treated as a separate trouble, hemorrhoids and constipation are, in their remote causes—one. Hemorrhoids rise from constipation, and vice versa. The cure of one means the cure of the other. Time and again, even relief from a hemorrhoidal attack will permit of good bowel action. The pain and irritation present in the rectal orifice will often preclude an adequate bowel elimination.

Consequently, these measures when applied toward relief of hemorrhoids, may be found simultaneously beneficial for the relief of constipation.

Hence, a few suggestions along this line.

The Dilator For Hemorrhoids

Rectal dilation has been found useful. Any drug store sells standard rectal dilators in various sizes. The best is that which can be opened with a screw attachment so that enlargement can take place as desired.

If this is not available, a rubber-gloved finger will, in many instances, be equally as effective.

Rectal dilation should take place for no more than two or three minutes daily in severe cases of hemorrhoids. It should be gradually diminished as the hemorrhoids get better.

It is seldom advisable to give rectal dilation more than three or four weeks—and that only for the very severe cases.

The Sitz Bath

The next very effective measure in hemorrhoidal attacks is the sitz bath. This may be given with an ordinary large dishpan of water, the patient sitting therein, leaving all the rest of the body dry.

A ten-minute cold-water sitz bath following a bowel movement will be very helpful, indeed, in toning the rectal tissues and in preventing a considerable portion of the pain and distress which so frequently follows forced peristalsis.

The addition of the juice of two or three lemons to such a pan of cold water will act as a tonic astringent and will help in the coagulation of the enlarged, bloated veins.

Lemon Juice Enema

The next successful measure is the small lemon juice and water enema.

With the aid of an infant-size rectal syringe, the hemorrhoidal sufferer should inject from two to three ounces of tepid water to which the juice of a lemon has been added. He should retain this for from three to four minutes.

In very many cases it will stop profuse hemorrhoidal bleeding. In others it will prevent the pain which occurs following bowel activity.

Where one must strain severely to induce bowel action, it is advisable to inject from two to four ounces of warm olive oil and retain it for from five to ten minutes. This serves to soften the fecal substance. It constitutes an excellent lubricant and helps produce a bowel discharge free from strain.

I am firmly convinced that 50 per cent of the pain involved in hemorrhoids comes from strain. Anything which will help relieve such strain is a welcome aid.

The olive oil injection accomplishes this.

The purpose in using an infant syringe is that it has the small-size nozzle. Thus it is the least irritant, while it has as good results as if one used the regular adult-size syringe tube.

Free Leaflet on Hemorrhoids

There is much more you should know about the subject of hemorrhoids but since I am concerned only with the relationship of hemorrhoids to constipation, I must leave that for other articles. However, if any Times reader is more concerned with the problem of hemorrhoids, I would recommend that he write to me care of The Times, sending in a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a loose 2-cent stamp and I shall be very glad to forward my free leaflet on the subject.

Liver Disorders

Next to hemorrhoids, a trouble which bothers many persons suffering from constipation is derangement of the liver.

The liver furnishes the most important secretion for normal digestive action. Bile is absolutely essential to normal intestinal activity. Insufficient bile or too much bile will destroy this equilibrium of function.

The host of ailments of the liver ranging from simple jaundice, hardening of the liver, gallstones and gall bladder infections to the more serious cancers—all play their part in the maintenance of the development of chronic constipation.

Liver troubles must be solved preferably by the sane, sensible regime of corrective diet before constipation will yield.

Since this is a very extensive subject in itself, I cannot go into it further except again to offer you a leaflet on the subject of the liver and its troubles. You may procure this leaflet by sending me a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a loose 2-cent stamp.

Gas and Fermentation

The third matter dealing with constipation has to do with intestinal fermentation and the production of gas.

When the abdominal tissues are bloated and ballooned with considerable quantities of gas, it is impossible for the abdominal muscles as well as the lower

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Professor Paul C. Bragg

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Dr. Robert Coffey, chief of the Portland General Hospital, stated that sagged abdominal organs is the most common malady that afflicts mankind. One of the many adverse conditions it creates is tendency of the intestines to kink. Another is to stretch and pull on the nerves so that there is a tendency to tire too readily and to become nervous. Another is backache, as the drag pulls bones out of alignment. The remedy is to relieve the drag by wearing a properly adapted abdominal support.

But such support must not crowd upon the digestive organs or interfere with normal circulation. Unfortunately store belts and ordinary made-to-measure corsets and belts and surgical belts are generally not only needlessly heavy and clumsy, but they exert harmful pressures. Drs. Poole have specialized for a great many years in adapting abdominal supports to correct improperly placed organs, kinking of intestines, back strain, rupture, etc. Thousands of people are boosting Drs. Poole, owing to the benefit they obtained from going to them and obtaining a prperly adapted support. Ask among your friends.

There is no measure more pressingly needed when the organs are sagged than relief from the drag and pull and the handicap upon functioning. Such relief is positively obtained by a properly adapted abdominal support. This measure is not only the cheapest but it is the safest and best. Send for free booklet on enteroptosis, or call and talk your case over. There is no charge for examination or consultation, and no obligation involved. Percy H. Poole, D.P., Georgean H. Poole, D.P. Total cost in practically all cases does not exceed $12.50. Uncomplicated cases, $10.00. Hours 9 to 5. Sun Bldg., 706 S. Hill.

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Jenny came in and stood in the center of the room, clutching her pocketbook and peering about her. "Land!" she said. "Look at the pillows."

Delia was taking them off the bed, bestowing them by the armful upon the taffeta chaise longue beside the windows: Innumerable small pillows, elaborate, lacy, plump, like grown-up pin cushions grown soft with age. Heart-shaped ones, oval ones, square ones. "Ever see the beat?" asked Delia disgustedly. "Every night I do this. Nineteen of 'em, there are."

"There's another on the floor. Big one."

Delia's glance at it spoke volumes. "That belongs there," she snorted.

The coverlet of satin seen pinkly through lace Delia peeled from the bed. She turned down the blankets and the spotless linen sheet that had a curly monogram over the hem. From somewhere she brought mules with smooth gold linings and high gold heels, and a dressing gown like an evening wrap of cloth-of-gold and chiffon. And a chiffon nightgown like a dress for dancing school grown long.

Jenny was speechless.

"There!" said Delia. "Come on, now. I'll show you in here."

The dressing-room had windows on one side, doors and cupboards and drawers along the other. A dressing table in taffeta ruffles stood at the end. Delia opened a door with a sweeping gesture. "Take a look," she said succinctly.

Jenny gasped. "Looks like a store!"

"Don't it, though?"

Delia moved into the closet and unhooked one of the gowns, held it up and regarded it fondly. "This is one I like," she said. "I got my eyes on this, believe me."

"It's grand," Jenny agreed reverently.

Delia hung it in place again and took down another. "This green one, too." She twisted her wrist, exhibiting the back; then hung that gown up also. "I'll never get 'em, though," she sighed. "She don't give me anything to speak of. She says, 'It's too bad my things won't fit you, Delia'—and then she takes 'em down to a secondhand place and sells 'em. She makes me sick!" Delia exploded peevishly.

"Tch!" Jenny said with her tongue against the roof of her mouth. "With all their money! My, my!"

"All her money, you mean," said Delia. "That's just it. If it hadn't been for her money, she'd never of got him. She was a widow, you see, and— Sit down, Jenny. Rest your feet a minute."

They both sat down.

Delia leaned forward. "Well, as I was saying—it was like this: She was a rich widow, and she got sick. She got a mastoid—you know—like Mrs. Delaney's little boy had that time? Well, so they took her to the hospital—and there he was. He was an interne, see? What they call an interne, in this ears, nose and throat hospital. Well. She fell in love with him."

Delia paused. Jenny nodded owlishly, lips compressed.

"Right off the bat!" continued Delia. "I've heard 'em talk about it. She's always telling him about it, like he didn't know. Seems he came in one day in a white coat and white pants to listen to her heart, and she fell for him"—Delia snapped her fingers—"just like that."

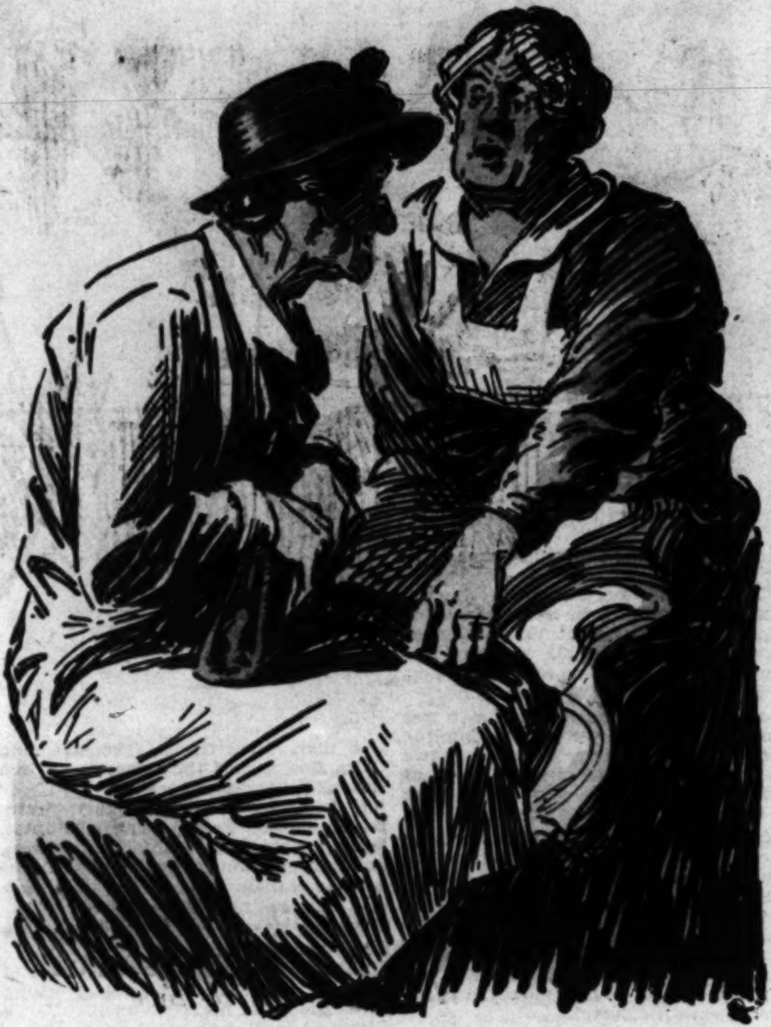
"Love at first sight, like," contributed Jenny.

"Yeah. Like that. Well," went on Delia, "there he was. He'd just got out of a doctors' college, and he was working in this hospital for the experience, like they have to do. He didn't have any money, and he didn't know how he was going to get started or get a practice—you know, an office, and patients—

"How I know this part," Delia interrupted herself to explain, "is that one night when she was away I heard him and a friend of his, another doctor, Dr. Rogers his name is, talking. I was in the dining-room clearing off the table, and they were in the living-room having their coffee—they were talking kind of low, and I didn't get all of it—but it seemed this Dr. Rogers, he's his best friend, was asking him, confidential, why he ever married her when she was so much older and all. So he was telling him how it was.

"Seems he was a poor boy to begin with, and he was helping his two sisters, along with everything else, and he had borrowed the money for his schooling and didn't know how he was going to pay that back, let alone make enough to get ahead. So when she came along and got so crazy about him he figured that here was his chance.

"He didn't say much," declared Delia defensively. "And he tried to speak nice of her to—you know, like he was grateful to her for all she'd done for him. He didn't say anything against her—and he wouldn't let Dr. Rogers say anything. He kept telling Dr. Rogers not to blame her for anything, that it was all his own fault, and like that. It seemed like this Dr. Rogers was trying to get him to leave her. You know, divorce her, or get her to divorce him, or something. But he wouldn't hear of it at all—he didn't get mad, I don't mean, but he just kept telling Dr. Rogers that it wouldn't do, he couldn't think of it, he'd made his bed—"



Jenny also leaned forward and her voice became a half whisper—"do you think there was anything to it?"

"Divorce her what for?" Jenny interrupted breathlessly.

"Well, he—this other doctor—he said she was ruining him. And so she is!" Delia added emphatically. "What with late hours, and picking on him all the time, and not letting him have the nurses he wants for his office, and being jealous of his lady patients—"

"Is she? Jealous of his lady patients?"

"Is she!" cried Delia. "And the nurses too. He had one nurse she threw a fit about. Miss Fielding, her name was. I saw her once, time I had my swollen glands and he had me come down there. Pretty little thing she was. Young and awful smart. He said she was the best nurse he ever had, but she made him get rid of her."

"Well—do you think—" here Jenny also leaned forward, and her voice became a half whisper—"do you think there was anything to it?"

Delia shook her head. "No," she said flatly. "Wasn't a thing to it, just her suspicioning. I know, because he told Dr. Rogers. He said he couldn't help what he felt, but he said he could help what he did. And he said he'd been faithful to her and he hoped he could keep on being." Delia hesitated. "He said it was 'cricket.'"

"Said it was what?"

"Cricket."

They exchanged a puzzled glance.

"I thought maybe you'd know," Delia murmured.

"No."

"Well. Anyway. That's what he said."

"How long've they been married?" Jenny inquired.

"Four years. Four or five years. I don't just know how long exactly." Delia's voice lacked interest in this particular point. "He's making money now, all right, I guess," she went on. "Not as much as she's got, of course, but—some. He pays for this apartment, for instance. She owns all the stuff, but he pays the rent.

"The stuff's nicer'n the apartment, seems to me," Jenny remarked.

Delia was loyal. "Oh, I don't know, now! Rents are awful high in this part of town."

"That's right too."

"He's spending all he makes," Delia said, "I know that. Throwing it all in with what she spends. He tries to pay half the running expenses, but she spends so much he can't, and he's always trying to get her to cut down. He wants to save some, you see, to pay her back for all she spent helping him in the beginning. But he'll never do it. Not with her extravagant like she is. I tell you what I think." Delia's eyes narrowed craftily. "I think she don't want him to pay her back. I think she's afraid if he ever got it all paid he'd think, 'Well, that's that,' and go off and leave her. So she keeps him in debt all the time, so he never can."

There was a brief pause.

"Did you notice his picture?" queried Delia. "On the stand beside her bed?"

Jenny hadn't.

"Come on, I'll show you."

They moved back into the bedroom, leaving the dressing-room dark behind them. Delia picked up the photograph in its heavy silver frame and handed it proudly to Jenny. "That's him."

"He sure is handsome!"

"He's handsomer than that, even," Delia said. "That don't do him justice. He's got the bluest eyes you ever saw, blue as—I don't know what.

"There's a picture of her in his room," Delia said, "if you'd like to see it. I got to go in there anyway, I didn't turn down his bed yet."

"They got separate rooms," Jenny observed as they filed out.

"Sure," said Delia. "You don't think she'd let him see her asleep, do you? With wrinkle plasters on, and a chin strap, and gloves?"

"My, my," Jenny said.

"This is his room. And that's her, over there on the chifforobe."

Jenny approached the chifforobe.

"She's nice lookin'," she said presently. "She don't look so terribly old."

"She don't, eh?" said Delia tersely. "You ought to see her."

Another silence. Only Delia's hands, spanking the pillows into plumpness, made sound.

"Her eyes look so—so sort of sad," Jenny said hesitantly. "Or—not sad, exac'ly but—"

Delia did not speak.

"I feel kinda sorry for her," Jenny said queerly, abruptly. "Too, I mean. Sorry for her too."

"You're crazy!"

"Well—I—"

"Sorry for her?" Delia demanded incredulously, hands on hips.

"We-el—" Jenny's momentary allegiance died hard. But it died. "Maybe not," she said slowly. "Maybe not."

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WITH the POETS

The Great School

There is a school, but not of books;
Its lessons are in babbling brooks,
And leafy bowers, and summer showers,
And busy bees in blooming flowers.

In lowing herds, and grasses green,
In summer days, and winter's keen,
In rippling waves along the shore—
Or in the mighty billow's roar.

Lessons of life are everywhere,
In morning dews, in lambent air,
In whisp'ring leaves by breezes stirred,
In cricket's chirp, or songs of birds.

Then let us learn from nature's school,
A school that has, nor rote, nor rule,
A book that's open wide and free,
With lessons there for you and me.

It is a school in which to learn,
The good to love, evil to spurn;
Beauty to see in flower or clod,
That comes from our great teacher, God.

E. HARVEY SLAGLE.

When the Night Comes

It is the sunset hour. From off the sea
The fog comes in. The air is cold
And all about me there is mystery.
Those whispering voices that have told
Strange, half-feared tales to me, in other hours
Like this, speak unto me again,
But now, my soul no longer cowers:
I listen placidly and know no pain
Of fear, for in this hour I understand
More fully all that they would speak;
And when, some eve, with soft command,
They bid me come away, I shall not seek
To linger on, but I shall hear
The call with fearlessness, and I shall be
In readiness to venture, with good cheer,
Upon my journey o'er the fog-clad sea.
What I shall find beyond, I may not kn
As yet, but somehow I am made
To feel that all is well—some hand will show
The way; I shall not be afraid.

BERT L. ROBINSON.

Hour of Dusk

Dusk, the hour of sweet memories,
Breezes, whisp'ring thru the trees.
Shadows, creeping here and there
Are almost more than I can bear.
I dream of moments spent with you,
A fond embrace, a kiss or two,
And to the dusk I breathe a sigh,
In sweetest dreams of days gone by.

And sweetly poignant tho'ts of you,
Who were so good, so kind and true,
Came drifting back on mem'ries sea
And for an hour gave you to me.
And this wee song I give to thee,
My heart is sad, the night is long;
Your memory lives tho you are gone.

CARL H. HAMILTON.

After the Rain

I am glad for the glorious sunshine
  That followed the footsteps of rain;
For the flowers spring up to greet me
  As I saunter forth again.

The roses blush at my coming
  And the dainty bluebells ring;
And from the highest tree-tops
  The saucy mockers sing.

I am glad for the breeze, for it brings me
  The perfume of an orange tree;
And the flight of a gull, just over my head
  Wakes memories of a silver sea.

DAVID HAGGARD.

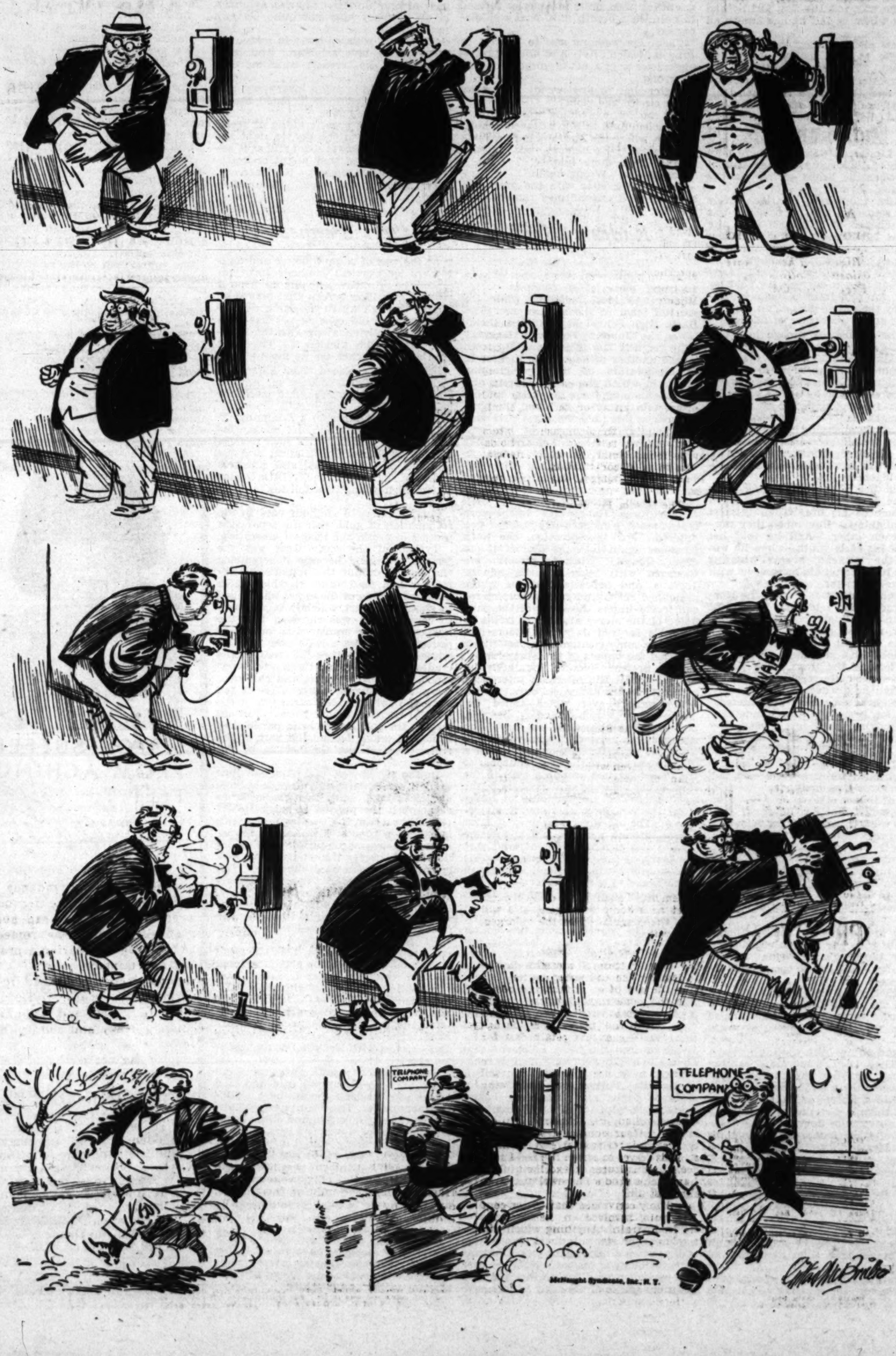
A Song to a Child

If I were a sprite,
A teeny, weeny mite
So small you could hardly see,
I'd stand on my head
On a rose-leaf red,
And kick my heels in glee.
I'd set my table
On a spider's cable,
And mock the buzzing bee.

DAVID WEISMAN.

Uncle Elby Gets That Dime Back

By Clifford McBride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TELEPHONE COMPANY
Clifford McBride

McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N. Y.

True Love Stories of Famous People

Romance Above the Clouds

Lindbergh Was More Completely at Ease Than He Had Ever Been With Anyone Before — While Anne, the Sincere and Reticent, Felt Her Heart Beat Strangely

By
Cornelia Strassburg

"HELLO!" came the voice over the telephone. "I am Charles Lindburgh. I believe you've had a note about me. I've called to see if you would lunch with me today?"

"Oh, how do you do," replied the girl indifferently. "I'm very sorry, but I don't believe I can make it."

"Perhaps you could take dinner with me this evening, then?" he suggested.

"I can't, thanks," was the cool rejoinder. "I have an engagement tonight."

"Well," he said, "I am leaving town tomorrow, but I'll try to get in touch with you when I return to New York."

When he came back to New York, 6,000,000 other people were waiting to go to lunch and dine with him. And in the crowded streets that lined his triumphal procession there was one girl in that surging mass of humanity whose feelings were mixed and poignant. Her heart was leaden then, but she had more time for sad reflection when the news of Lindbergh's wedding to Anne Morrow was heralded. For family reasons her name cannot now be disclosed, but a little of her story should prove of interest.

Several years ago she came to New York determined to carve out a career for herself. With two other girls she took a small, cosy apartment in Greenwich Village. The apartment soon developed into a meeting place for folks from back home. And friends from home were always sending other friends of their own to call on her.

The girl became so busy with friends and more friends that she felt the time had come when she must call a halt. She registered a mental note to that effect.

Her mind definitely made up, there came another message from home, saying: "I have a friend coming to New York next week and I should like very much to have you meet him. He is a a very attractive fellow, kind of shy, but very nice. He is some sort of flyer and they say he is just crazy about flying machines. I hope you will see him while he is there."

That "friend" was Lindbergh. She was one of the first girls he had ever tried to make a date with. That night she might have been the last to talk with him intimately before he left on his epochal hop. It seems like an ironical twist of fate.

An unassuming, quiet young man was our Lone Eagle—he who crawled into the cockpit of the Spirit of St. Louis with two meager ham sandwiches and a bottle of coffee—unwittingly to play all the roles in the greatest drama of the air.

Overnight he made history and became the most cherished Sir Galahad the world has ever known!

Hundreds, thousands, millions of women who previously had no interest in aviation followed his every move. Their interest was not in the controls, wing span, or motor power of the Spirit of St. Louis, but in its young pilot. To them "we" meant Lnidbergh.

Medieval princesses may have had their troubles attracting the attention of knights as they leaned from high turrets in which they were secluded; but our modern princesses had tremendous difficulties in catching the interest of Lindy.

Beauties more fascinating in combination than Greta Garbo, Cleopatra, and Clara Bow turned their charms on him with all deliberation.

A persisting deluge of beauty, youth, and loveliness. Screen stars, debutantes, leading actresses, young noblewomen, and famous beauties used all their influence to wangle even a brief introduction. He continued unimpressed.

Not one of them thought of him as a lonely young man.

All their dreams and thoughts were of him as a splendid, shining figure—rising heroically above his fellow-men.

Not one of all the many suspected what was really behind his kindly aloofness.

No one knew that love had looked at Charles Lindbergh for some time and tucked the arrow back in its pocket.

Choice bits of romance cast themselves up on the Lindbergh shore. Beautiful Francine Larrimore, for instance, who said Lindy was the only man she'd marry. "Lindy is my ideal and he is the one man I could marry unhesitatingly," she said.

Even Francine Larrimore, one of our most famous women, was not outstanding in a landscape which must have looked to Lindbergh like a madly glorified Ziegfeld revue.

The whirligig continued. The only imperturbable, cool figure—the cause of it all—was Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

Another young woman who might more than have decorated any man's dream picture, Blanche Satchel, whom Howard Chandler Christy selected as "the most beautiful titian-haired blond in the world," was thrilled to her very being at meeting Lindbergh, not once, but three or four times.

The papers were full of rumors. This chorus girl, that debutante, this aviatrix, wherever there was the slightest shred of an excuse, reporters speculated, headlines blazed. Whom would Lindbergh marry? Let him be seen at a theater party in which there was a good-looking girl, and the American public was told again of forthcoming nuptials!

What other young man could have withstood this strain of elaborate functions—fetes, balls, dances, and formal luncheons? The crush of endearing humanity—Morgans, Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, Belmonts, kings, queens, the heads of republics and nations? The still greater onrush of practically everyone who could walk?

It was at one of the first of the long series of Lindbergh celebrations that he met Anne Morrow. In the stress of excitement amidst glittering jewels, and subtly sophisticated women, he scarcely noticed the slender young thing with the earnest blue eyes. Anne's father, Dwight Morrow, was then a partner at J. P. Morgan's and he was with Mrs. Morrow, Elizabeth and Anne at the Morgan town house, where they were introduced.

At that time Anne was a student at Smith College. She was home for summer vacation. Anne, and Elizabeth, her older sister, had been excited at the prospect of meeting the famous young flyer. But after their meeting at the crush of the reception Anne made little mention of him. This was not unusual. Anne had never gone in for "crushes." Essentially an idealist, she had discovered the delight of loosing her romance into verse.

Even though she had thought of a Prince Charming all her own, she would never have talked about him as other girls. For Anne in many ways was younger than girls of her age. One had one's dreams. And they were much safer with one's self than exposed to the wrong person.

Back to Northampton in the fall went Anne for her last year at school. The shy young lady with the soft brown hair was returned to that great institution of culture. All the students were eager to approach her to ask what she thought of "that famous chap—Lindbergh," whom they knew she had met. Anne's very reticence and charm kept them from questioning her.

After all these fellow-students of Anne's decided: Who was even Charles Augustus Lindbergh that Anne Morrow might have more than just noticed him?

At any rate, Anne never mentioned him.

That winter, a soft sprightliness crept into Anne's demeanor. She studied dili-

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

Anne Morrow—Charles Augustus Lingbergh.

charming poise, something rare and beautiful in the lift of that slender, girlish neck.

Charles Augustus, with great tact, sought the company of the first girl he had met since he had been harassed by fame who had not eyed him with rapture. She was, too, the first girl he had ever met whom he felt he had known all his life.

The few pleasant days were suddenly over. The Morrow sisters returned to Englewood. Lindbergh continued his tour of Central America, the Caribbean littoral, and the United States.

But letters flew thick and fast between Anne and Charles. Anne wrote reams of verse to the young engineer. And he sent her complete details of his travels.

While Lindbergh was away there were a few more happenings. Anne bought several scientific books on aeronautics and studied them.

And Mrs. Lindbergh, Charles's lovely mother, whom he had confided in, was greatly touched by a symbol from the people of Honduras. It was a golden casket filled with gold nuggets mined by the women of Olancho, Honduras, and they asked her to keep it until Lindy might wed; then to furnish the gold for the ring, for gold from Olancho is considered by the native girls as an emblem of purity and a guarantee of fidelity.

It began to look as though love had let soar its arrow—for Lindbergh had no sooner returned to New York than the hum of motors came to be heard over the Morrow home in Englewood, New Jersey.

And there were many nights when the two eager-eyed young people sat burning the midnight oil.

Anne, shyly querying him with her newly acquired interest in aviation.

Lindy explaining rudiments patiently, and answering her questions with his direct intelligence.

He told her about his mother—how much the early training she had given him influenced his life. Their interest in mutual things. How much they worshiped each other. And he told her stories of his early youth—when he was "Slim," the towhead, always whizzing about on his decrepit old motorcycle with the marvelous motor.

One night, Lindy was leaving the Morrow house about midnight. A traffic policeman out Englewood way became suddenly curious about a young man whom he thought might be a prowler. He stopped the supposed prowler as he was leaving the town. The policeman has never quite recovered from the shock when he discovered who it was.

Lindbergh became busy with increasing aviation responsibilities. Anne continued studying. And just a year after Anne and Charles's first meeting, she wrote:

"When I was young I felt so small
And frightened for the world was tall,
And even grasses seemed to me
A forest of immensity.
Until I learned that I could grow,
A glance would leave them far below
Spanning a height with my eyes
Suddenly I soared as high,
And fixing on a star, I flew,
I pushed my head against the blue! blue!
Still like a singing lark, I find
Rapture to leave the grass behind,
And sometimes standing in a crowd
My lips are cool against a cloud."

Shortly after, Anne was back in Mexico City again with her mother and father. And Col. Lindbergh was again visiting Mexico City—this time to open a new air mail route to Panama.

Century-old gardens dripping with love and the Old World charm called to the two who suddenly wanted nothing so much as to forget there was a world outside.

They had always been waiting for each other. They knew what great rapture was theirs. And they knew, too, it would have come to them as inevitably in arid stretches of a desert just as it now overwhelmed them in a setting of rare beauty amid a profusion of flowers.

The walls of Ambassador Morrow's study in Mexico City still ring with the anticlimax. Col. Lindbergh entered. Ambassador Morrow was there alone.

"I come to ask you for the hand of your daughter, Anne. I have her consent, sir," he said with emotion about to break in his voice.

At this point, Mrs. Morrow entered. The consent came at once and Lindbergh was a happier man than when he had touched ground in Paris.

The announcement of the engagement that broke on the waiting world was made at the moment Col. Lindbergh reached Havana, Cuba, on his return trip.

A storm of rumors broke at the same time! Wires and cables buzzed around the globe! The wedding was to be held in Mexico City in March—and even the mightiest press units in America seemed to hold their breath until that was disproved.

Then, the wedding was to be held in June at Mexico City! And miles of reading matter were again disgorged—only to be wrong.

Easter-time in Englewood! The news again circled the globe!

But, no. The wedding was definitely to be solemnized at North Haven, Maine, in June, where the Morrows have a summer estate. Excitement was intense again. Even more intense!

Paris? No. Wrong again.

Two months later with the press still seething with unconfirmed rumors—two young persons were leaving the Morrow home in Englewood. They were Col. and Mrs. Charles Augustus Lindbergh—just married.

Two shy young people—quietly dressed in blue. Young Anne, in her simple blue frock and blue hat, carrying a small bouquet of blue flowers. Charles Augustus, in an ordinary blue suit quite his own familiar self.

They were whizzed away in a blue car to a waiting blue airplane. And there was a blue sky serenely watching over them.

All the world loving a lover—two continents continued to hold bated breath—awaiting more news.

There began a great craning of necks, looking upward to the sky, to sight the young couple. Hearts stood still as it began to be realized they might be lost.

Airports were scoured. No trace.

Two babes in the wood! Where were they?

Again wires buzzed around the world. No word!

Perhaps they were on the Guggenheim yacht? Lindbergh's great friendship and association with the Guggenheims was well known.

No! The Trillora was off the New York Yacht Club laying at anchor.

An amphibian biplane was sighted off Trubee Davison's place at Locust Valley—another great friend of Lindbergh's.

No, again!

The Morrow family didn't know.

Mrs. Lindbergh didn't know.

The great newspapers from all over the country—the great press representatives—sent scouts everywhere. Thousands and thousands of dollars were being spent daily.

Still no sign of the wanderlosts!

They were somewhere east of the Allegheny Mountains, and somewhere north of Baltimore. But where?

Then suddenly they were discovered. In a small, unpretentious yacht. Cruising about Long Island Sound.

A tall slender young man had moored a boat called Mouette to a landing for gasoline stores.

The young man in the rumpled white ducks, tanned face, and wind-tossed light hair was none other than Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

Two bright eyes popped up at the porthole—his wife.

The Lindberghs had been found, probably never again to disappear or to have good reason to disappear from the public view.

Bobby Jones has two loves, golf and his wife. Their tender southern romance among the magnolia blossoms of Atlanta will be the next True Love Story of Famous People appearing in this paper.

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Radium Now Where '49ers Panned

(Continued from Page Nine)

vives in picturesque ways, the insignia adorning plate glass windows, windshields and local bulletins, while the football team of the modern new Bret Harte High School have dubbed themselves, the "Jumping Frogs of Calaveras." Only recently the little mountain town staged another of its famous jubilees in commemoration of the frog-jumping event, in which flap-jack contests and a mock hanging were features, the big event being that of the frog jumping. Entered in this unique contest were verdant and puffy denizens of bog and swamp. Past contestants in these ranks are remembered by such names as "Leaping Lena," "Hangdog Harriet," "Yumping Yimminy," faithful echoes of an era that produced such towns as "Slumgullion," "Rough and Ready," "Hell for Sure," and "Hangtown." In the more recent event, a modern-day "Lindy" was entered. For this occasion, the town blossoms again into the glories of old days. Quaint, crooked streets are thronged with mule-skinners, miners, Indians, and belles and dudes whose crinolined skirts and ruffled bosoms recall to old-timers the sagas of the past. Some of the stores alter their fronts to resemble the old days, but others still carry the same countenance past which whistled the bullets of the Forty-niner.

The present picture of activities around Cobalt Hill offers an interesting contrast to that of the old days.

The valleys over which toiled the 'Forty-niner, red-shirted, bearded, browned by the blistering sun, have been spanned by a network of boulevards. The tinkle of ox bells that once sounded a ghostly warning as the great schooner of the desert lurched around a turn in the road would today be swallowed up in the squawk of Klaxons, thudding of heavy tires, the chugging and din of motorcycles. The old-timer who navigated his course through perilous, Indian-infested jungles and parched miles of sand atop the perch of the covered wagon, astride a mountain burro, or afoot, might well stand agape to see his modern-day mining confrere zoom down from the clouds in a shining plane.

A far cry are the little tourist hotels that dot the roadside along the Mother Lode highway—with their tiled baths, immaculate tables, and comfortable sleeping quarters from the dirt-floored, canvas-roofed accommodations where the 'Forty-niner lived, ate and, booted, with his six-shooter at his side, slept in one of a tier of slung berths fitted with a mattress of flapjack proportions. Here and there amid the fruits of progress survivals of iron-shuttered hotels of that era are to be glimpsed, only slightly modernized, in whose lilac embowered balconies the 'Forty-niner stretched his cramped limbs after his day's labors, puffed his pipe, told his yarns, and dreamed his golden dreams.

That adventurous pioneer, the type of miner immortalized in legend and art, who wielded his shovel, tossed his flapjacks and twanged his guitar in front of his lowly diggin's has disappeared, now, into the limbo of the past.

In his stead is the white-collared mining expert, college man and scientist.

The days of rabbit's foot, charm-bringing numbers and pure luck are no more—days when a man might pick a fortune with the blade of his knife from the base of a current bush. These will o' the wisp guardian spirits of the early miners have gone the way of camp follower and dust. Modern geophysical methods have replaced the primitive grubbing methods of yore. The willow screen that served as a sieve through which the earth was filtered into an old cooking pot has gone the way of oblivion, along with the faithful "pards" who wielded it. The Long Tom and the rocker are no more.

Science has replaced these happy-go-lucky methods with modern mechanical apparatus of highly organized mechanical powers and hair-breath accuracy, which reduce chance to a minimum.

In place of the crude and clumsy instruments of yesterday are such modern marvels as the torsion-balance; and the solutions of deadly acids and resistless dynamos that stock smelly little rooms where eager young men toil far into the night.

Compare the old methods used in the reclamation of gold with the separation process in use in the modern laboratory.

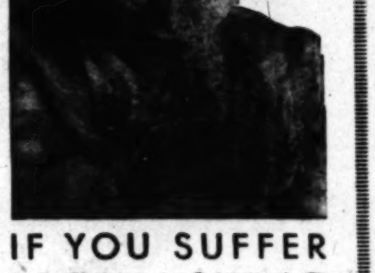
Typical of the early days was the "cradle" so-called because it resembled the baby's cradle the miner's grandmother had used (and in which more than one darling of the mines was rocked to slumber.) Dirt which was supposed to contain gold was shoveled into the hopper, and the cradler with one hand poured water from a ladle over the dirt, while with the other he rocked the cradle. The water and the motion combined to dissolve the dirt and carried it down the riddle or sieve. Here it fell upon the apron, which carried it to the head of the cradle-box; there it ran off, leaving the gold and heavier particles of sand and gravel behind the bars of the riffle (cleats along the bottom of the sluice.)

In the method of ore reduction now used the modern genii of high-voltage electricity and acids are employed to accomplish the process of separation.

In this process, high-voltage electricity is loosed—a process invented by Hector Hassell, the ray accomplishing pulverization by shocking the constituent elements with their own vibration. The pulverized ore is placed in ah acid solution, the secret of the Martin laboratory. It is then filtered, and a catalyst, or remedial agent for radium is added. The filtered ray is then treated with cathode rays. Barium is next added to hold the radium. In this process, 1,000,000 parts of barium are used to one part of radium. Another catalytic agent is added, and the solution is attacked with electricity. Sulphuric acid is used, after the electricity treatment; after which it is filtered and the residue is placed in a furnace. The solution is then drawn off and checked with electroscope and spectroscope.

Time rings in strange changes. John Marshall, who discovered gold and died with empty pockets, sleeps under a $10,000 monument. The old-timers who answered the clarion cry to find either fabulous fortunes or a pauper's lot alike have passed away, along with the picture of the old West. The wind sings their dirge as it weaves through the abandoned gulch where an old gold pan accumulates rust with the slow rain of the winters, and an ax rots against an unused doorway.

Growth of department-store chains in Germany has been phenomenal in the last few years, some having several stores in large cities and single places of business in smaller communities.



IF YOU SUFFER FROM ACHING FEET...

A MESSAGE TO FOOT SUFFERERS FROM...... C. H. Fontius

Come in and get a free Gripper-graph analysis of your feet. This will show the cause of your foot aches and pains and will help us to suggest a type of Ground Gripper Shoes that will start you on the road to normal foot health.

Ground Gripper Shoes have helped thousands... and what they have done for others, they can do for you. Ground Gripper Shoes relieve foot suffering promptly and help to restore the natural shape of the normal foot.

Bring your foot troubles to us and get rid of them forever.

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Send for new style booklet
See your Chiropodist like you see your doctor

Radium Now Where '49ERS Panned

By Marie Pake

California's Ancient Hills Give Birth to New-Old Story

Above—Mr. John Martin, owner of the Mar John Mine, showing samples of radium ore before and after reduction process. Below—Dr. A. H. Burton of the reduction funace.

HARK, what was that dismal sound? Only the wind stirring through the pines. That, or the ghost of the old prospector who sleeps in his grave behind the abandoned cabin on the hill.

Well may the old prospector turn in his grave. Well may the grizzled mountain-rat, who has spent his life in unsuccessful pursuit of gold, read with rueful interest the tidings that are coming out of the hills.

Radium is declared to exist in Calaveras county, seat of the old gold-rush!

Scientists, mining engineers, chemists and the world-at-large are reading with amazed interest this announcement, which, after a long period of experiment and confirmation, has only recently been released. At the same time has come the announcement of a new practical way for its recovery, which may lead to a wider commercial use than has hitherto been possible.

Those hoary, epoch-making hills that once were the setting of the most sensational drama of the age, are today again the center of world attention.

Right in the heart of Mother Lode—one of the most famous gold-producing centers in the world—are, it is claimed, millions of tons of radium-bearing ore, the recovery and commercial use of which promise to confer untold new benefits upon science and mankind.

Situated in Calaveras county, arena of the old gold-rush days, Cobalt Hill, seventeen miles northeast of Angels Camp, a landmark of the gold days, is, it is declared, a huge chunk of radium-bearing ore.

Once, the red shirt of the 'Forty-niner dotted this seamed and silent hillside. His leather boots pressed these pebbled gullies; his shovel scraped these same bed streams, turned up, perhaps, bits of this very ore, only to toss it scornfully aside. His ghost still haunts those once-seething places, his hoarse whisper, "Thar's gold in them thar hills," seems borne, still on the summer breeze. Hills, gutted, stripped to bedrock; mountains tunneled and heaped with mounds of earth as though an army of rodents had been at work; colonies of deserted "ghost towns" in his wake everywhere point the path of the miner's mad pursupit of riches. Right at his feet the while lay this storehouse of the rarest and costliest metal known to man, a single ounce of which is worth a king's ransom.

Every school child of today knows something of the commercial significance of this element, along with the story of its discovery after years of selfless endeavor, in the laboratory of a little Polish-Frenchwoman of science, Mme. Curie; of the marvelous uses to which it has been put, including the treatment of cancer. Rarest and costliest metal known to man, a single dram of which is worth from $60,000 to $65,000, storehouse of unestablished powers, radium has been termed the "Golden Fleece of Science."

The existence of radium-bearing ore in the old gold country was discovered about a year ago, according to John Martin, mining expert and president of the Mar John Mining Company, where the finding was made.

The discovery was held in strictest secrecy until a series of rigorous tests were completed. When the presence of ore had been demonstrated to his own satisfaction by the laboratory's metallurgical chemist, Dr. Arthur Hand Burton, a series of consultations with the most eminent scientists of California was undertaken, for the purpose of verifying the demonstrations. The results of these consultations were accepted as conclusive proof that radium was actually present.

Whereas by past methods, it required ninety days or more to recover radium from reduced ore, experiments conducted in the Mar John laboratory and verified by leading chemists have demonstrated satisfactorily that it is possible to reduce radium-bearing ore to salts in thirty days, and it is believed this time can be cut to a week or less. One of the greatest problems that has hitherto confronted science has been the high cost of radium recovery, as it requires a tremendous amount of ore for the production of any given amount of radium.

If the dream of commercial production at greatly reduced cost can be realized, mankind may expect a further and more wide-spread use of radium in the treatment of cancer; the breaking of the present European monopoly; the use of radium in the development of incalculable new power, including the driving of transport airplanes. It is estimated that a single gram of radium, if it could be harnessed, would drive a transport airplane almost indefinitely, the life of a gram of radium being calculated at 50,000 years.

The designation "Jumping Frog of Calaveras" applied to a particularly powerful radium-bearing salt in the Mar John laboratory is interestingly interwoven with the annals of the old days. No part of the West is so steeped in the romance of the gold rush as the little group of mining towns whence Cobalt Hill lifts its tree-crowned head. Foremost of these is Angels Camp, less than a score of miles from the seat of present radium operations. This little town which flourished in the days of "Black Bart," the Pony Express—"phantom of the desert,"——and the "hell roarin'" days, was further immortalized as the supposed setting of the Mark Twain yarn, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," now known the world over. The old Angeles Hotel, built in 1852, at whose bar the story allegedly originated, and through whose doors passed many of the most picturesque character of the gold era, is still standing hard by the early Wells Fargo building up to whose threshold thundered in days of old the rattling coaches with bags of pay-dirt. This legend sur-

(Continued on Page Seventeen)

Panning gold in the days of the '49er.

Women Tackle Transportation

(Continued from Page Eleven)

School of Aeronautics, and others.

It is interesting to note that an article of the club's by-laws provides that the organization shall at no time endorse or recommend any candidate for public office, nor shall political candidates and partisan questions, as such, be voted upon at any of their meetings. This is a good first-step in keeping politics out of business—a highly commendable working-principle for any business club.

"Trafficgrams," a publication of the club, is issued every month, whereby the members are kept alert to the constantly changing, shifting and developing conditions of the traffic business. For in all the field of business, there is no branch so transitory in its plan of functioning as that of transportation.

The slogan of the national organization is "Nothing must retard progress"—a slogan that in itself impells its members to welcome and foster every helpful suggestion and every worthy new movement. There are the constantly changing laws that regulate trucking, inter-State and intercoastal transportation that change the complexion of traffic matters from month to month, requiring eternal vigilance to have at the finger-tips the most expedient routing of shipments. There is the present great development of inland water-ways every completed step of which must be taken into consideration in order that shippers may receive every economical benefit, for every cut in carrying cost is reflected in the market-price of commodities; every hour of time saved makes for efficiency and every mile saved contributes to economy. Reducing labor to a minimum and achieving timeliness in shipment avoids expense and wastage. For instance, the recent inauguration of the Wisconsin Barge System, whereby trains of great steel barges loaded with freight are taken through the Great Lakes and Erie Canal into New York to connect with coast ships has brought about a revolution in shipping routes. Thousands of miles of heretofore unnavigable inside waterways have been converted and are constantly being converted into water-routes. The building of the proposed Nicaraguan Canal will bring forth a veritable upheaval in traffic, as has the counter-wise route, just opened, that now quotes a through rate and bill-of-lading from the Middle West down to the gulf steamers by rail. Every traffic manager is the contact between salesmanager, producer and buyer, and it is his or her duty to know the most economical means of transportation and the requirements of each order, so as to be able to immediately dictate the best method of moving the merchandise.

Mr. Hooper believes that women are effective as traffic managers because they are sensitive to responsibilities when in high positions; keen to be successful themselves and for the men to be successful. The very fact that women are competing for the first time in this field of men's endeavor, makes them especially alert to qualify through the successful and high-quality of their work. Women delegates to national conventions have demonstrated their ability and knowledge of traffic affairs until now they are received with the greatest respect and stand on an equal footing with men who serve in identical capacities. Transportation has attained the dignity of a profession in present-day business and as women have proven their ability to succeed in the professions of law and medicine, they have now demonstrated their adaptability to the profession of transportation.

"A traffic manager's position is fraught with the greatest of detail," reports Mr. Hooper, "and in a woman, I believe, we have a very capable institution, keenly alive and equipped to function most successfully in this particular department."

That the Women's Traffic Club of Los Angeles bids fair to continue an auspicious career is attested by the fact that it is already attracting international interest. At the time of Lady Drummond Hay's fleeting visit to Los Angeles aboard the Graf Zepplin, the club wrote congratulating her upon her unique accomplishment of being the first woman to successfully circumaviate the globe. Lady Drummond Hay responded with a letter of thanks in which she made very definite inquiries into what the Women's Traffic Club was and how it functioned, for women in transportation was to her a new idea. Since then, the club has been in correspondence with a group of British women who have asked for a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the Los Angeles club in order that they may take steps to organize a similar club in London. Also, other clubs are being formed throughout the United States and it is expected that the annual convention of transportation clubs that convenes in Atlanta this month will make some interesting announcements. At least, it is safe to say that women are definitely and permanently establish in the traffic service of America.

A SUMMER with THE HOPIS

(Continued from Page Five)

before makes another speech. He thanks them, assures them that the villagers have tried to be good people and worthy of godly assistance, requests that they go back and ask Great Spirit to send them whatever they chance to need most at the moment. Almost always this is rain, for no greater blessing can come to that arid land for the Indians must go hungry if the crops fail. If it happens that the season has been an unusually wet one and rain is not needed, the katchenas are asked to convey to the gods the thanks of the Hopis for their bounty.

Towards the end of July, just before the katchenas return to the mountain fastness where they are supposed to dwell for the rest of the year, comes ne-man, a "home katchena" dance, in each of the villages. This is the most elaborate of all katchena ceremonies. It is marked by the sacrifice of young eagles, brought by members of the Eagle clan from secret eeries far to the north.

In the course of ne-man the birds are ceremonially strangled, care being taken not to spill a drop of their blood. Plumes are removed for the making of prayer feathers and ornamentation of dance costumes, and the stripped bodies buried with great honors.

After the katchenas have "gone home" the next ceremony of importance is the Snake Dance. It alternates between the settlements of Hotevilla and Walpi; this year it was Walpi and, as usual, was witnessed by hundreds of white people who braved the desert sands to be awed and thrilled. For the first time in a generation it was not followed by rain within a few hours, whereupon some sensation-seeking correspondents concocted wild stories about the Hopis being thrown into a panic by this evidence of celestial disfavor. As a matter of fact it had been the rainiest summer in a generation on the Painted Desert; the Snake People did not this time pray for more rain but offered up thanksgiving for what had already fallen.

After the Snake Dance comes the Corn Dance, Basket Dance, Flute Dance, Buffalo Dance and several others of less import. All are part of the great Hopi scheme for getting right with the gods.

The older a Hopi becomes, the more he learns and meditates upon the things that are hidden, the more time and thought and energy he devotes to religious matters. He believes that if he conducts himself properly, works diligently and intelligently to please the gods, they will allow him to live until he is very old. Relatives of one who dies young are objects of profound sympathy because he failed to please the gods and thereby disgraced family and clan.

When a Hopi feels death approaching he gives oral directions as to how his personal belongings are to be divided among his relatives. If death does not occur at a late night hour, leaving insufficient time for preparation, burial takes place at the next sunrise.

Preparation consists chiefly of decorating the body with ocher. The left leg is painted blue, the right leg yellow, symbolic of sky and sun. A red sash is painted across the left shoulder, opposite to the way a sash is worn in life. Upon the back is emblazoned the clan insignia of the departed.

The principal heir carries the corpse to the burial ground; if he is ill or weak, this office is fulfilled by a friend. Interment is in a pit, with the deceased in a sitting position and facing north. A long stick is set beside him, with a prayer feather tied to its upper end. The grave is covered with poles and boulders piled upon them, with the stick and feather extending through the heap. If the dead person is a child the pit is very shallow and the covering light, so that his weaker soul may escape easily.

On the night of the second day after the funeral the family comes with a little pot of food to place on the grave. At sunrise of the third day the disembodied soul climbs up the stick, removes the prayer feather, and passes through the village to say good-by to everyone. Last of all, a visit is paid to his clan kiva. No one sees him but his presence is felt.

All these obligations discharged, he takes his way northward to the Grand Canyon, where he finds the place of judgment. There the good and evil spirits judge him according to his record on earth. If that record is bad he is consigned to a vast, dark, cheerless region where a long, hard road leads off through nothingness. Along that road he must do penance for each of his sins. Eventually, probably after eons of time, his penances are all done, his heart is cleansed, and he is conducted to paradise. There is no such thing as eternal punishment for anyone, for Great Spirit is good and most forgiving.

But if the earthly scroll is clear, if the candidate can prove that he has served his gods and his people to the best of his ability, he is sent forward along a trail that leads between two high mountains. On one of these peaks perches a great bird that guards against the entrance of evil spirits to the happy land that lies just beyond.

There the faithful Hopi finds fields of melons and waving corn on every hand, abundant game, rippling streams of clear water and never any drought. He is reunited with friends and relatives who have preceded him, the mysteries veiled to the living are made clear, and he dwells in contentment through all eternity.

A beautiful conception of the life to come, is it not? After a summer with the Hopis I find myself planning, almost seriously, for the time when I shall make my way to the judgment seat of the Hopis and plead that I may be admitted to their realm of peace and plenty where Great Spirit rules lovingly over those who, down here, have proved themselves deserving.

My reason tells me that such an Eden does not exist. But still—well, I have witnessed more than a score of Hopi dances. And whenever a rain prayer was included in the ritual, rain fell within twenty-four hours. I wonder if, after all . . .

True Love Stories of Famous People

(Continued from Page Eight)

gently as was her wont. But into her published verse appearing in the Smith College Monthly there crept a spirit of light-hearted gayety.

Raquel Meller, the famous Spanish actress, gave a limited number of performances in New York. Anne saw her one night. She adored her as any one very well might. The verse she wrote to that glowing danseuse-singer is one of the loveliest compliments she has ever been paid:

CAPRICE

(Doggerel written after seeing Raquel Meller)

"I should like to be a dancer,
A slim, persuasive dancer,
A scarlet, Spanish dancer,
If you please!"
But he said, "Just now we're crowded
With these Carmens—simply crowded—
I can't find"—his forehead clouded,
"Vacancies.
"I suppose you want to tango,"
And he sighed—"Or a fandango,
Scarlet cigarette and tango—
Scarlet smile—
In a century, or twenty
We may want you. We have plenty
Just at present—more than plenty—
For a while.
"There's a place for Quaker maidens,
For brown-haired Quaker maidens
For blue-eyed Quaker maidens
There's a place."
So I play the role of Quaker
And I do not blame my Maker
For I think I wear the Quaker
With a grace!
But when the tune is tilting,
Like a scarlet skirt is lilting,
That a rebel heart is lilting
No one sees!
"For I want to be a dancer,
A slim, persuasive dancer,
A scarlet, Spanish dancer,
If you please!"

Suddenly there was an eventful happening. Dwight Morrow was made Ambassador to Mexico. His family left with him for Mexico City.

At the American Embassy in Mexico City, the Morrow sisters were once again in the company of young Lindbergh. This time more completely. But at his arrival, fetes, balls, receptions seemed to be achieved at a moment's notice. Ambassador Morrow naturally had him for a house guest. Anne and Elizabeth were the envy of the younger set from New York to Hongkong.

It seemed to Lindbergh he had never felt as comfortable or so much at home as when he stayed with the Morrow family. Although his schedule was, as usual, crowded with functions conducted by President Calles, Mexican dignitaries, and members of the American colony—he managed to take the Morrows up for short air hops and snatch a few brief informal hours with them.

One day he found himself alone with Anne. They were in an official car speeding down the beautiful Paseo de la Reforma—one of the loveliest avenues in the world. On either side were flanked long rows of tropical trees and flowers. Anne's gloved hands were demurely clasped in her lap. She was listening to the unfolding of the young colonel's high hopes for traffic in the air.

Without quite realizing it, Lindbergh was more completely at ease than he'd ever been with any one in his life before—except his mother. And Anne, the sincere, the reticent, felt her heart beat strangely.

Going back to the Embassy past the floating gardens and enchanting old walls covered with century-old moss, Anne told him something of the romance of that old city. Three hundred years before the floating gardens had originally been rafts covered with earth upon which the Indians built their huts and cultivated their gardens—that in the days when Mexico City had really been New Venice, for the whole city had been a network of canals.

In all the world, there can be no more charming place for two young people to find each other than in Mexico City.

There were a few more opportunities for them to be together. High up in the air, flying over the environs of Mexico City, he had only to look up from the controls of his plane to see that small, childish head so close—so happily close. There was the promise of peace in her

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The School of the Evening

By Weare Holbrook

THERE was a time when parents dodged the responsibility of discipline by sending their unruly offspring to school. That was tough on the teachers. But the teachers got even by giving the offspring home work to do. That was tough on the parents—and still is.

The 1930-31 home work season has just commenced, and fathers and mothers all over the country have prepared themselves for the ordeal. For the modern educational system enlists the services of the entire household, from grandpa down. Every evening the youngsters return to their homes bearing importunate commands from their instructors, and there is nothing for the older generation to do but co-operate.

Strong men quail before the shrill cry of "Teacher says we hafta!" That is the irrefutable argument, and it is not for a mere parent to gainsay it. The orders that are relayed from the classroom often sound like the dictates of a whimsical goddess who is testing the faith of her followers—but you may be sure that there is a reason for them, even though you never find out what the reason is.

The common school curriculum has been enlarged and elaborated; it embraces as many sourses as an Italian table d'hote, and anything can come within its province. The elements of elementary education—reading, writing and arithmetic—are lost in a multitude of compounds.

Educators have come to the conclusion that it is better for children to learn from experience (the trial-and-terror method) than from books, but most of the experience must be acquired at home. They teach the young idea to shoot, but some one else must provide the clay pigeons. That's where papa comes in—and where, ultimately, he almost passes out.

Last week I found Mr. Milfret crawling around the front yard on his hands and knees. His crawling was hampered somewhat by an empty baking powder can which he carried gingerly.

"What's this?" I inquired. "Second childhood?"

"In a way, it is," said Mr. Milfret, pausing and resting a hand on his hip in the manner of an elderly stage Negro. "I'm looking for something for Junior's phrynosoma cornutum."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Is it catching?"

"Not a thing," he replied sadly. "It just sits in one place and waits for us to bring it ants. I've been hunting for three hours and I've found only about a dozen. It's a fearful nuisance!"

Phrynosoma cornutum, I gathered, was an animal of some sort, but not the ideal pet. "Why don't you get rid of it?" I suggested.

"We can't. It's part of Junior's zoology course. They're studying Iguanidae this week, and Junior drew a horned toad. The teacher said he had to bring it home and study its habits—which seem to consist in squatting on the floor and blending with the design on the carpet . . . Did you ever get out of bed in the morning and step on a horned toad?"

"No," I admitted.

"I have," said Mr. Milfert. "Twice. I didn't yell so loud the second time."

"It could be worse," I remarked consolingly. "Junior might have drawn a crocodile."

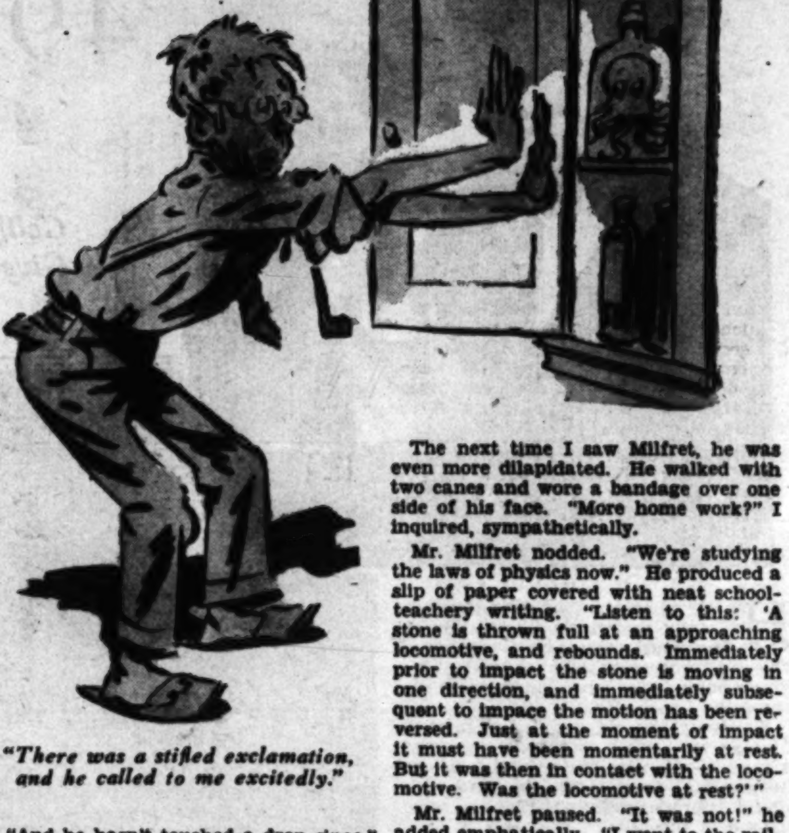
"He will," Mr. Milfret predicted. "They take up the larger vertebraes next semester. I don't mind their taking them up, but I wish they wouldn't bring them home . . . Last year it was marine biology. Junior had most of our kitchen utensils full of live specimens—jellyfish and squids and eels and whatnot. Then there were other specimens bottled in alcohol and parked about the house in unlikely places. Our home life resembled a domestic scene in Woods Hole, Mass. Three successive cooks gave notice in a single week, and we quite lost our taste for gelatin desserts and tapioca pudding.

"It had a good effect on Uncle Asher, though," continued Mr. Milfret reflectively. "Uncle Asher was a heavy drinker; he had graduated from the welterweight division long before prohibition. The old reliable firm of Amos 'n' Andy—Woodcock and Volstead—meant nothing in his life, and every time he visited us my private stock reached a new low.

"Well, one night Uncle Asher slipped out to the pantry to take what he called a nightcap. Uncle Asher's nightcaps were sombrero-size, and he usually carried a spare. I heard him open the cupboard door; then there was a pause, a stifled exclamation, and he called to me excitedly.

"Look at that!" he gasped as I entered the pantry, and he pointed a quivering finger at the top shelf of the cupboard.

"There, in the place usually occupied by a bottle of Gordon gin, was a square glass jar containing one of Junior's choicest specimens—a baby octopus. 'Do you see anything wrong?' demanded Uncle Asher hoarsely. 'Not a thing!' I lied. The baby octopus waved a tentacle playfully; Uncle Asher shuddered and turned away. 'I'm going to bed,' he announced, tottering to the door. 'What!' I cried. 'No nightcap?' 'No nightcap!' Uncle Asher replied firmly.



"There was a stifled exclamation, and he called to me excitedly."

"And he hasn't touched a drop since," Mr. Milfret concluded. "It was a Pyrrhic victory, however. Uncle Asher's heebie-jeebies were imaginary, but we still have the octopus."

The following day when I met Mr. Milfret on the street he had his right arm in a sling. "Been helping Junior with his arithmetic," he explained in answer to my inquiry.

"Writer's cramp?" I hazarded.

"No, no. I fell off a step-ladder. We were trying to find out how much it costs to paper a room thirty feet long, twenty-two feet wide and eight feet high, with thirty-inch wallpaper at $1.98 a yard."

"And did you find out?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Milfret. "It costs $238.60, including doctor's bills."

"But wouldn't it have been simpler to figure it out with a pencil and paper?"

"Yes," he agreed, "but it wouldn't have been practical. When I studied arithmetic I used to do dozens of wall-papering and carpet-laying problems on my slate. I became an expert paperhanger and carpetlayer—theoretically. But I never had any occasion to put my knowledge to the test until Junior started this course in elementary pragmathematics."

"Elementary what?" I gasped.

"Pragmathematics. It's what you might call Arithmetic With Sound Effects. Nothing is left to the imagination. The problems are dramatized, and the solutions are obtained not by vicarious calculations, but by actual participation in the task described. Under the modern system of education, children are taught to use their hands as well as their minds—better, in fact. They learn by experience. This is known as practical application.

"Last night we had to put down three layers of linoleum on the kitchen floor before we got the right answer. And probably when Junior begins studying Latin he'll have to go out to Hollywood to conjugate the verb 'amare' . . . By the way, you haven't got a cistern that you want filled, have you?"

I confessed that I hadn't.

"Too bad," he sighed. "I've got to find one somewhere. Junior's teacher has given him a problem about filling a cistern: 'If A can pump eighteen gallons an hour and B can pump half as fast as A, how long will it take them to fill a 350-gallon cistern?'"

"Suppose it rains," I said.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Milfret, glancing hopefully at the sky, "I haven't thought of that. We'll save that problem for a rainy day."

The next time I saw Milfret, he was even more dilapidated. He walked with two canes and wore a bandage over one side of his face. "More home work?" I inquired, sympathetically.

Mr. Milfret nodded. "We're studying the laws of physics now." He produced a slip of paper covered with neat schoolteachery writing. "Listen to this: 'A stone is thrown full at an approaching locomotive, and rebounds. Immediately prior to impact the stone is moving in one direction, and immediately subsequent to impace the motion has been reversed. Just at the moment of impact it must have been momentarily at rest. But it was then in contact with the locomotive. Was the locomotive at rest?'"

Mr. Milfret paused. "It was not!" he added emphatically. "I went to the railroad crossing yesterday and tried the experiment on the 6:15 express. Never have I encountered a locomotive which was less at rest . . . Personally, I think Junior's teacher is carrying these practical application methods a little too far. Lizards and linoleum and wallpaper aren't so bad, but I draw the line at locomotives."

Mr. Milfret's recovery was rapid. A few days later as I was passing the house, Junior came dashing out of the front door with his father in hot pursuit. They circled the house twice, and on the third lap Mr. Milfret collared the youngster, turned him over his knee, and proceeded to spank him thoroughly. It sounded like a twenty-one-gun salute.

"B-but, Pa," Junior wailed, "Th' teacher said I had to d-demonstrate th'—ouch!—theory of stress an' strain'—

"Well, you didn't have to twist off the head of my pet midiron!" said Mr. Milfret grimly.

"What's the trouble?" I called.

"Oh nothing much," replied Mr. Milfret, between blows. "Just a little practical application (whack) of the principle of molecular (whack!) resistance, that's all."

And it wasn't until that moment, he confided to me later, that he really appreciated the advantages of the modern system of elementary education by which parents, as well as children, learn how to use their hands. It's a poor school that won't work both ways.

Answers to Questions on Science Page

1. About 93,000,000 miles.
2. 186,285 miles a second, or six trillion miles a year.
3. Nearly 500 seconds, or slightly more than eight minutes.
4. About one horsepower.
5. Between 5000 and 6000.
6. More than 100,000,000.
7. Antares.
8. About 400,000,000 miles.
9. Thirty-two.
10. On the palms of the hands and soles of the feet.

Deserted

I went far down a country lane
Where lovers roam at dusk.
And green and ripe was summer's grain,
But I saw just the husk.

I went to hear the love-bird's song:
Alas, it was a moan!
The song was sweet—with you along—
But now I am—alone!

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A Diamond Delinquency

An Episode in the Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Creator of the "Helen and Warren" Characters

"FIVE!" Warren counting up their luggage. "All here but the big suitcase. Keep your eye peeled for that while I nail an inspector."

Helen perched on the trunk, gazing wistfully after him. An absurd dread of being left alone.

This twilight landing deepening her depression. Always the trip-ended blues —but never quite so acute.

The great arc-lit dock aswarm with customs-waiting passengers. White-coated stewards trundling off baggage. Distributing it under the hanging letters.

That woman at "B" with all those trunks—Yes, Mrs. Brandon, who had the de luxe suite on their corridor.

And a dog! That friendly Scotch terrier from the boat-deck kennels.

At Helen's twinkle, trotting over for a frolic. But called sharply back by his mistress. A leash snapped on his collar.

How needlessly rude! A resentful flush at the haughty rebuff.

"That suitcase turned up yet?" Warren back with a brisk inspector. "Well, it'll be along before we're through."

Opening the trunk first. For customs dispatch, all the new things packed together.

Gloves, handkerchiefs, perfume—for herself and gifts. But mostly duty-free antiques. Not susceptible to the Paris-gown lure.

But Warren loyal to his London tailor. His three suits the heaviest item.

The inspector quick to recognize experienced, straightforward travelers. Swiftly scanning their declaration. Making liberal allowances on garments they had worn.

All glancing up from a covert raincoat at a shrill outburst.

"I bought that on my last trip!" Mrs. Brandon's voice angrily raised. "You don't expect me to pay duty twice?"

Her inspector eyeing a shimmering coral velvet. Obviously this season's style.

"Certainly, Camille's always a year in advance. That's why I buy there."

Her aggressive explanation plainly unconvincing. The huge wardrobe trunk subjected to a rigorous examination.

"Hello, here's our suitcase!" announced Warren, as a steward rushed up with the belated bag.

Their inspector waving it aside. Not even wanting it opened.

How quickly they responded to nothing-concealed integrity! Always Warren's brusque directness inspired confidence.

Fitting back the obdurate trunk tray, one of her suede slippers jostled out.

The officer politely retrieving it. Replacing the rose velvet shoe pad—

Then a sudden intentness. Feeling it. Scrutinizing the seam.

Grimly alert now, his friendliness gone.

"Kindly let me see the mate to this," a piercing glance at Helen.

His curt thanks as she handed him the pad from the other slipper.

Comparing the two. Weighing in each hand.

Warren's don't-ask-me shrug at her wordless, wide-eyed question.

His penknife out now, the inspector ruthlessly ripping the first pad.

Pulling out the cotton batting. And with it—

Something glittering! A diamond bracelet!

A hideous, unbelieving silence.

Petrified, Helen stared at the incriminating evidence.

"Why, I—I never saw that before!" darting to Warren. "You know I—"

"How did it get there?" his voice steely.

"I don't know!" quiveringly. "Why, I couldn't have bought it if I'd wanted to! It must be worth—"

"Several thousand. I'm sorry, Mrs. Curtis, but this is serious. Best thing you can do is tell the truth."

"The truth?" wildly. "Why, I am—I never saw that bracelet!"

"See here, Mrs. Curtis is telling the truth!" Warren stepped forward. "Looks darn queer, I admit. But she doesn't know any more than I do."

"You may not be in on this. That doesn't exonerate your wife!" curtly. "Now where did you get these pads, Mrs. Curtis?"

"On the ship—the gift shop," conscious of her guilt-assuming tremor.

"Well, they're not giving away diamond bracelets in shoe pads! Had they any more this color?"

"No, the last pair. Reduced—one had a tiny ink stain."

"A stain?" again that minute scrutiny. "Where? Not on these."

"Why—why, I was sure—"

"Send for that gift shop girl," demanded Warren. "Get some dope on this."

A dock guard summoned. Crisply instructed and dispatched.

Helen in turmoiled incredulity. No sign of a stain on either pad!

"Mrs. Curtis, were these out of your possession since you bought them? Do you leave your shoes to be cleaned with the pads in?"

"Oh, I—I didn't think of that. I may have—"

"You're not sure You can't say definitely"

"No, sir," her involuntarily servile "Sir" to this dread inquisitor.

"Where did you get that bracelet" a sudden snapping attack. "In Paris?"

"Why, I told you!" indignantly crimson. "I never saw it before!"

"Now none of that third-degree stuff," Warren's championing belligerence. "You'll not ferret this out by bullying. Mrs. Curtis knows nothing about that damn bracelet!"

"In this business we don't trust any woman," half apologetic. "Just last Saturday caught one with emeralds in a cold-cream jar. Cost her husband five grand. And you could see he wasn't wise! We all felt sorry for him."

The messenger back with a bare-headed young woman. The gift shop attendant.

"You sold these?" the inspector confronting her with the demolished pads. "Who to?"

"I don't remember, sir," surprised. "I had several pair."

"Do you recall one with a stain?"

"Oh, yes, I sold them to this lady," smiling at Helen. "The last pair."

"Were they all the same color? How many this color? Two? Who took the other pair? Yes, you can—now try!"

The girl's frowning concentration shattered by clamorous barks.

The terrier, tugging at his leash, straining after a yelping Pomeranian.

"Oh, that lady with the dog!" as his arrogant mistress jerked him back. "I remember now—she bought the other pair."

With a brusque, "Wait here a moment," he drew Mrs. Brandon's inspector aside. A tense undertoned conference.

Helen watching breathlessly. Her mind seething with far-fetched solutions.

What if she couldn't prove her innocence? Convicted of smuggling! Fines —disgrace. And the newspaper publicity! Warren's reputation—

"Mrs. Brandon, I must ask you to open your shoe trunk again."

"My shoe trunk?" an under-the-make-up pallor. "You've been through that!"

"Kindly unlock it," sternly.

"Why, this is an outrage!" excitedly. "Keeping me hours—opening the same trunks twice! Just because I'm alone! If Mr. Brandon were here—"

Still agitated protests as her maid was ordered to unlock the trunk.

Drawers of shoes. All shades and leathers. A rainbow of evening slippers. Pads or trees in every pair.

A rigid examination. At last, from tan oxfords, the rose velvet pads!

The inspectors instantly intent on one. The stain?

Helen's held-breath suspense. Her pad? But how—

Now the other one ripped open!

The same cotton filling. And—Yes, that ominous glitter!

A pendant! A scintillating diamond pendant.

Matching the bracelet. That distinctive baguette cut.

"Well, I'll be darned!" muttered Warren.

Mrs. Brandon hysterical now. Curious stares from other passengers at her panicky sobbing.

The maid trying vainly to quiet her as they were officially conducted to the customs office.

"Pretty fat haul, eh?" grinned Warren, when their inspector turned back. "And she was almost passed—nearly put it over."

"She'll pay in the thousands for that little trick," a touch of complacency. "Her husband's in for a pleasant surprise!"

"Told you Mrs. Curtis knew nothing about it. Smuggling sparklers—a crooked stunt like that!"

"I'm extremely sorry," an apologetic bow. "You'll admit it looked suspicious. Boots must've mixed those pads. But how'd she let them out of her possession?"

"Oh, I heard her scolding the steward!" fluttered Helen. "For taking shoes she hadn't wanted cleaned. I wondered why she was so angry!"

"So that's it! And she'd have got away with it but for that little slip."

"Thought she'd cooked up a foolproof job, eh? Now how about getting off this dock?" Warren locking the trunk. "Be here half the night. Haven't paid our duty yet."

"I'll fix you up at the head of the line," again all affability, the inspector okayed their declaration. "I wouldn't ordinarily—"

"Huh, entitled to some reward for helpin' land that smuggler."

Helen dropping on their labeled trunk as they strode off. Limp relaxation after the terrifying ordeal.

Yet now it was over, a swift reaction. And at least her landing depression dispelled by the detective-story thrill!

Glancing at Mrs. Brandon's trunks. Nine! And four bags.

Flaunting wealth, yet trying to evade her duty—

"Ready, Kitten?" Warren back with a porter. "We'll get this stuff off in a jiffy. Then for some grub!"

Their luggage on a truck, they followed it down the emptying pier.

"Oh, I'm still all quivery!" clinging to his arm. "The way he glared—dear, he almost made me feel guilty!"

"Made me darn sore! But can't blame 'em for being hard-boiled," steering her around a pile of crates. "So many dames have that crooked angle. Wouldn't gyp an individual—but think it's smart to do the government. Well, even if we're caught with the goods—needn't worry long as we're on the square!"

[Copyright, 1930, by Mabel Herbert Harper.]
(The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

That her husband had for seven years gone to bed on Thursday and remained there until Monday, when he got up to sign for unemployment pay, was the testimony of a London woman recently.

A LITTLE BOAT

Continued from Page Fourteen)

hronistic pride and to prevent them from following her in futile attempts to persuade her to return.

"And only two days after I'd sent that telegram to Cousin Stanley, she was in my office on business!" the judge exclaimed. "Which reminds me I must get that data from your father." As he turned to leave he added, as if still bewildered by his initial error, "But you always sign your deeds Mary M. W. Perkins."

When they were alone, Jim asked, "What deeds?"

"Well, you remember I talked to you about the play—I had about decided I'd buy it, but wanted your advice. Then when we dined together that evening and Mr. Gibbs told me you were in some scrape and really ought to get away but couldn't afford to, I thought I'd use the money for—for a better purpose."

"Margot!"

"Oh, it wasn't unselfish." Her eyes shone as she looked up at him. "It was really vanity. I thought that what he called your 'emotional entanglements' would be solved more—more permanently—if I went along."

He held her close. After a while he said, "You mean you gave up the play, you came down here to sell your property, to help me?"

"Of course I did. It seemed a lot more important than walking around a stage . . . So that's the end of the story. It took longer to arrange about the property than I had counted on, but I was going back tomorrow to tell you."

"And you still don't know! I wouldn't have cared if you had. I thought you did, and still I didn't care! But you don't! Oh, Margot, darling!"

"What don't I know?"

"Who I am. About my father—"

With infinite tenderness she stopped his confession. "Jim, you absurd boy! Can't you understand that I've outgrown all those silly prewar Virginia ideas about family? It doesn't matter who your father was. It's just you that counts."

As the extent of her misinterpretation dawned on him, he burst into uncontrollable laughter . . . he had a vision of all the mothers of marriageable daughters from Pasadena to Palm Beach who had made his bachelor years so harrowing . . . Oh, if only Stanley Gibbs could hear that!

"What's so funny?" she asked.

Still chuckling, he dived into his pocket and produced the star ruby. "You just put this on before you regret your mesalliance!" he said.

But he raised her ring-finger to his lips, and the moisture in his eyes was not due to mirth.

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Women Tackle Transportation

An Investigation Reveals the Fact That Los Angeles Has More Women Traffic Managers Than Any City of the United States

By
Marguerite Drennen

TRANSPORTATION in its diverse phases of shipping and carrying is a business recognized as belonging to a field of activities exploited and conducted exclusively by men and it comes as a distinct surprise to discover with what importance women are now invading the field. A recent investigation of the busy hum that pervades the Women's Traffic Club of Los Angeles discloses the fact that an amazing list of young women are capably filling responsible positions in the transportation departments of leading business industries—manufacturing plants, wholesale and retail distributors and traffic systems of land, water and air. And the enthusiasm with which these women regard this new field of service, their eagerness to become efficient and their conviction that women are destined to win merited recognition for work well done, is prophetic of future expansion of the experiment.

The transportation business has in the past decade become highly specialized, owing to the very rapid development in traffic with all the legal aspects now surrounding it; such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, State Railway Commissions—existing in practically every State; development of the motor truck short and long hauls; the airplane, parcel-post, express, insurance of every description, warehousing, city deliveries, receiving and marking. A general sales-manager or a general purchasing agent cannot satisfactorily function without the advice and information of his traffic manager because transportation costs today affect every article bought and sold and misinformation regarding laid-down costs can very easily lose a valuable order.

A traffic manager of an importing or exporting house, in addition to being posted regarding all foreign shipping and all steamship services in general, all railroad, trucking and air services, must also be thoroughly informed in regard to all customs regulations, tariff duties and penalties. He or she must clearly understand the very intricate details of documentation not only in connection with our own country, but with that of the various foreign countries with whom they are doing business.

It will be very readily understood, therefore, the need for an organization where all questions may be discussed in open forum and where progress and further developments of these many factors can be and will be pondered by the leading minds in their respective fields.

The Associated Traffic Clubs of America is a national organization composed of fifty men's clubs of long standing. There had never been a traffic club for women prior to the organization of the Women's Traffic Club of Los Angeles—a club which has made possible through the foresight and generosity of a member of the Los Angeles branch of the Associated Traffic Clubs of America.

Mr. F. A. Hooper, father of the Women's Traffic Club of Los Angeles.

Mr. Fred Hooper, district manager of two large steamship companies, having been in the transportation business for thirty years, realized, on coming to Los Angeles six years ago, that there were a great many more women holding the important positions of traffic managers in manufacturing plants, and large concerns than in any other city with which he had had contact. It occurred to him that it would be a decided advantage to these women if they were organized into a transportation and traffic club. On March 13, 1925, Mr. Hooper invited a group of twenty-five women traffic managers to participate in an excursion around the Harbor of Los Angeles. This tour of inspection was in the nature of an educational trip, designed to acquaint the party with the activities and facilities of the port. They would be able to see and understand for themselves the various dock operations such as stevedoring, loading, discharging and stowage of cargo; loading of motor trucks, railroad cars and other details.

At a luncheon served at the Yacht Club, Mr. Hooper made the suggestion that the women organize a club in order to concentrate on a certain goal and for the study of traffic matters. Such a club would not only provide a forum for debate, but it would establish a basis upon which the men and women could foster co-operation and better understanding between shippers and carriers. Also, it would promote friendliness and sociability among those having a common interest.

Scarcely expecting his suggestion would find favor, Mr. Hooper was indeed gratified when, a few days later, three of the women members of his inspection tour approached him for guidance in forming a club. Thirty-five women representatives of various business firms and transportation systems were present at a preliminary meeting and voted to form the Women's Traffic Club of Los Angeles, the first organization of its kind in the world.

The club went into effect on April 29, 1925, with its members limited to traffic managers, assistants to traffic managers and traffic representatives of business firms and transportation systems. Shortly after its organization, the club became such a factor in the transportation activities of the Southwest that it was recognized by the national organization, and an invitation to join with the national club was extended and accepted. Since then, four other Women's Traffic clubs have sprung into active existence—in San Francisco, Twin Cities, Memphis and Birmingham and these women have assumed a very important activity in the affairs of the national organization.

Mrs. Vera Hess, local traffic manager, checking in a shipment of merchandise.

The Los Angeles Club now has eighty members—selected for the quality of their service in connection with traffic departments of industrial concerns, and it is said, Los Angeles has more women traffic managers than any city of the United States. The first president of the club was Miss Ella Hausen, followed by Miss Emma Kentz, Miss Gertrude Sears, Miss Helen Hughes, Mrs. Grace Dewey and Miss Gertrude Mason. Miss Sears resigned before the expiration of her term and Mrs. Vera Hess was elected to fill the unexpired term.

In all their club-meetings, the members strive to attain a greater degree of knowledge on traffic matters, through the exchange of ideas and experiences and by affording an opportunity for the hearing of those in authority on the subject including such speakers as Mr. Carl R. Gray, president, Union Pacific System; Capt. S. S. Sandbery of the United States Shipping Board, Emily Johnson from the City Prosecutor's office, Judge May Lahey, Mr. Brashier, traffic manager for the city Chamber of Commerce, Mrs. Tywia J. Kelly, heading the California

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

Luncheon following the inspection tour around the Harbor of Los Angeles.

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so it has, for the papers usually give you a good fifty million—I said that, such as it was, I had control of it, and if I do so desire you could be cut down to almost nothing for the next ten years. I mentioned that lately you'd lost a good deal—you did, comparatively speaking—and that the one thing I'd like you to do, if you could afford it, would be to go away somewhere. To escape from the emotional involvements you were in. Well, that's all. Unless the coldness Miss Winthrop evinced toward you after my revelations failed to strike you as peculiar in a person who was disinterested—I believe you said she was disinterested?"

Jim rushed up the stairs to his own flat to telephone Margot that he was on his way to see her.

Outside his door he heard the telephone ringing. Thank God she had called him!

But it was Cynthia's voice, saying desperately, "Jim! Mother's terribly ill! Can you come down?"

"Right away. Got a doctor?"

"Dr. Jackson, her usual one, is out of town, so I've called Dr. Chardine."

"I'll bring him with me. Be right there."

He met the physician at the entrance to the building and within ten minutes they were at the Riggs's house.

Cynthia opened the door. "She's coming to now. She's been unconscious for half an hour."

It seemed an eternity before Chardine returned from Mrs. Riggs's room. "Her own doctor ought to see her. I'm afraid an immediate operation's necessary."

Jim took command. "I'll find out where he is and go after him."

It was four in the morning when he returned with Dr. Jackson, whom he had located in his country place in Connecticut. On the way in the older man, to whom he had said he was Cynthia's fiance, disclosed the serious nature of Mrs. Riggs's malady.

"I told her over two weeks ago it might be fatal if she didn't knock off work for at least a year. I assume she felt she couldn't afford it—with two sons in college and the house to keep up. Then, unfortunately, as I learned later, she went out from my office and plunged in Wall street with everything she had—hoping to make one big killing and then be able to provide for the boys and get her vacation, too."

"Did she?" Jim's tone was sharp, although he knew the answer.

"Lost it all. She was caught in the biggest slump in ten years."

"Did Cynthia know?"

"Yes, I told her. Her mother forbade me to speak to anyone, but I felt it my duty to tell her daughter."

"And that was—exactly when?"

"The final financial crash was two weeks ago Wednesday. I remember because I was hit, too."

"I see." Jim's memory unrolled an unmistakable sequence of events. It had been the evening following this disaster when Cynthia had broken with Bob Luce.

As if to confirm his theory, Dr. Jackson added, "When I saw Mrs. Riggs yesterday, before going out of town, she told me she was planning to stop work early in the spring. She seemed cheerful—more like her old self."

"She doesn't, of course, suspect that Cynthia knows anything—either about the necessity to leave the office or the loss in the market?"

"No, that has been a secret between Miss Riggs and myself."

"Do you mind keeping all you've told me completely confidential?"

"You can rely on me absolutely."

Jim remained at the house until the ambulance had driven away. Its burden symbolized to him all the sacrifice in the world. All his resentment against Cynthia melted, leaving only deep pity and an incoherent desire to help.

It was noon the next day when the telephone bell broke his heavy slumber. Dr. Jackson spoke. "Everything has gone very well—much better than we had expected."

Before he had coffee he called the Alcazon.

"Miss Winthrop has gone out," he was told. "Is there any message?"

"N—no. I'll call her later."

But he found no time during the busy afternoon. He left Cynthia at the hospital, then drove to a florist's and returned with a car full of roses, just as the girl emerged, pale but happy, from her brief visit.

"Oh, Jim, I know she'll get well!"

He patted her shoulder. "Of course she will! Now I'm going to take you out to Long Island. You can't see her again today and you need some air."

As his car passed the entrance next to his own place he said, "By this time tomorrow it will belong again to you. Stanley's going to have the deeds made out in the morning—a slight token of my regard." Before she could speak he went on quickly, "It will be grand to have all the fences down again. I thought maybe you'd like to give your mother the actual house—then she and the boys could live there in the summer."—When they reached his house he telephoned Grace Tracy, learned who her guest was, and asked them to come over for supper.

He and Cynthia talked comfortably of various mutual friends until the arrival of Grace and Alec Tracy and Bob Luce.

Jim missed no word nor action that passed between this blue-eyed impecunious young man and Cynthia. The girl's flush of pleasure as their glances met was the confirmation of all he had suspected regarding their emotions.

On the pretext of speaking to the servants he hurried to the telephone.

This time the operator at Margot's hotel said, "Miss Winthrop has checked out. She left no address."

Jim called Victor's apartment. No answer.

In his agitation he thought of calling up the police, or a private detective, but this he knew he must not do.

His routine at the bank the next day was not only irksome, but he realized its futility. He saw it now in its true light, as an evasion of responsibility. He gave notice that at the end of the week he would quit. He would no longer be afraid of his money—from now on he would be its master.

The deeds to the Riggs's estate had already been transferred to Cynthia and at the same time Gibbs had made an irrevocable trust for her which he assumed was a premarriage settlement.

But even as he was effectively rearranging the destinies of Cynthia and her mother and Bob Luce, Jim thought only of Margot. There he was caught in an inextricable tangle. No matter what she was, he wanted to marry her.

For six days he had been calling Victor's apartment at all hours but never was there any response. Erntheimer's office yielded only a curt, "She's no longer with the play!"

Then on Saturday, after drawing his last salary check, he packed his bags automatically and on an impulse stronger than common sense boarded a train for Richmond.

The next morning a dark-skinned butler opened the door of Judge Davidge's residence.

"This is indeed a pleasure!" The judge shook Jim's hand warmly. "Why, I haven't seen you since you were sixteen!"

It was not until they had reached cigars and coffee at the end of midday dinner that the boy stated the reason for his visit.

So convinced had he been that once here he would get some clew to Margot that it did not seem possible the other could say, when he had finished, "No, my boy, there's no one down here by that name. I suppose it's some question of a will?"

"No, it's purely personal." Under the influence of the older man's sympathy, he told the entire story, leaving out only the part relating to his engagement to Cynthia.

"Now just forget about your guardian and Margot Winthrop, or whatever her name is, and come out for a ride with me. We think Richmond's a fine old town," said Judge Davidge.

At the edge of the city they stopped before a large white house. "I've got to make a call here," Davidge explained. "I won't stay over five minutes."

"I'll just wait for you."

"No—no—come on in. They'd be glad to see you."

Before they had finished ringing the bell, the door was opened by a pretty girl of about sixteen, who greeted them cordially, and led them into a long parlor with pale blue paneled walls and chintz-covered furniture, before darting out to call her family.

"Sit down, Jim. I want to have a few words alone with my old friend, Mr. Perkins," said Judge Davidge.

The boy was standing at the window looking out at the deep white clouds and wishing he were dead, when a familiar voice behind him, said, "How do you do? I am Mary Perkins."

Wheeling, he saw Margot, her hand outstretched. She opened her mouth in amazement but could not speak.

"But—but—" she began.

He kissed her. Kissed her lips, her cheeks, and her smooth forehead. He had not released her when an apologetic cough announced Davidge's return.

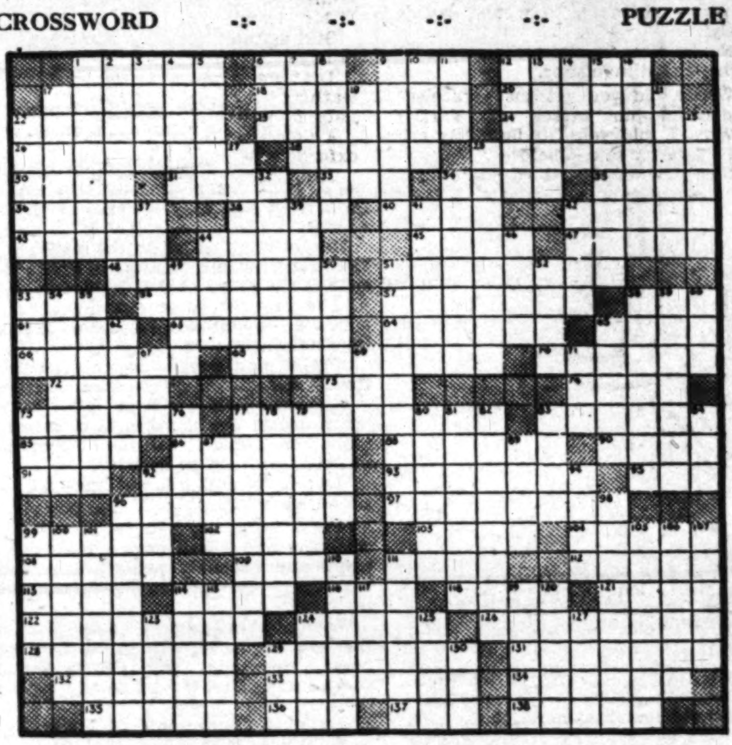
Jim said, "She's the one!"

"I gathered as much." His eyes twinkled. "'Mary Margot Winthrop Perkins.' I never knew until today what a name your fond parents had saddled you with, my dear."

Eventually the story unfolded, starting with the opposition of her father and stepmother to a stage career, and her defiant gesture of selling half the property her mother had left her and running away without telling them where she had gone. She had used only half her name, out of respect for their anac-

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

CROSSWORD -:- -:- -:- -:- PUZZLE



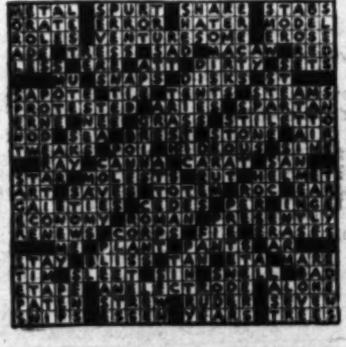
ACROSS

1—Noted electrician
6—Pronoun
9—Vessel for wine
12—Passes swiftly
17—Ridicule
18—Immunity
20—More relieved
22—Popular actress
23—Manufacturing building
24—Pulled away
26—Native of another continent
28—Tutor of Ovid
29—Middleman who buys farm products for market
30—Grasshopper
31—Would-be superior person
33—None: Scotch
34—Burmese violin
35—Half
36—Surfaces
38—Garment
40—Challenge
42—Lay bare
43—Part of the brain
44—Nimbus
45—Uproar
47—Proofs
48—Holiday season
51—Audacious person
53—Ibsen character
56—Woman's name
57—Music pen
58—Monk's title
61—Woman's name
63—Eels
64—Southern constellation
65—Stumble
66—Caressed
68—Massachusetts summer resort
70—Woman's name
72—Grinding machine
73—Part of a house
74—Formerly
75—Run away
77—Withdrew
83—Signal
85—Employs
86—Cricket team
88—Mineral resin
90—Shakespearean character
91—Plot of ground
92—Arrange
93—Grumbles
95—Performed
96—Baffleplate
97—City in Pennsylvania
99—Leader of Green Mountain Boys
102—Farm utensils
103—Fowls
104—Homes
108—Sumptuous meal
109—Biblical name
111—Colored
112—Couch
113—Sharp
114—Fabulous birds
116—Unclose
118—Lymphs
121—A European
122—Transgress
124—Waste water
126—Got back
128—Concoct again
129—A European
131—Leads
132—German soldier
133—African city
134—Appears
135—Hoarse respiration
136—Precedence
137—Flax
138—Germinates grain artificially

DOWN

1—Bung extractor
2—Marriage only within the family tribe or clan
3—Prevent
4—Smooth consonants
5—Member of a religious sect
6—Part of a cricket field
7—Russian mountain
8—Disavow
9—Venerated
10—A Mohametan
11—Heroine of Kenilworth
12—Drain
13—Load
14—Employer
15—Calamity
16—Breed of dogs
17—Refuse of silk
19—Woman's name
21—Send out again
22—Brought into being
25—Weather mouldings
27—Roman presbytor
29—Electrical instrument
32—Heroine of a poem by Pope
34—City on the Adriatic
37—Former unit of weight
39—Ill-baked
41—Distilled liquor
42—Hold back
44—Servants
46—Short act
49—Priority
50—Citizen of Atlantic seaboard
51—Announces
52—Ponder
53—Mountain
54—Native of an Asiatic country
55—Lured
58—Capered
59—Famous actress
60—Simian
62—Book of maps
65—Flambeau
67—A tree
69—A tree
71—Shelter
75—Name
76—Saucy
77—Blame
78—Bafflers
79—Woman's name
80—Sensitive
81—Dinner courses
82—Pepperwort
83—Man's name
84—Bend forward
87—Shylock's wife
89—Certain playing cards
92—Sloping roof
94—Descendants
96—Check
98—Most indigent
99—Behind
100—More meager
101—Trees
105—Positions in golf
106—Doctrines
107—Germs
110—Grinders
111—Portray
114—Blacksnake
115—Earthy metallic oxide
117—A game
119—Check flow of again
120—Town in Sicily
123—Man's name
124—Part of a temple
125—River in Maine
127—Seed covering
129—Mischievous child

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE



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A LITTLE BOAT

Jim MacFarlane, With His Family Millions as a Handicap, Sought the Girl Who Would Love Him for Himself and Not for His Fortune; He Found Her, but Not Until He Had Doubted Her Sincerity

By MAUDE PARKER

Although not one of them had the distinction of Cynthia, with her silver blond hair and tall, graceful figure . . .

IT WAS half past eight, the hour appointed for Jim MacFarlane's dinner. He was in the library of his Long Island house, talking to Stanley Gibbs, who had been his father's closest friend and after his death the executor of the estate of fifteen millions to which Jim, with certain reservations, was sole heir.

They were discussing love. Or at least the young host, whose twenty-fifth birthday the occasion celebrated, was discussing love. The older man's thesis was marriage. Both were bachelors.

"Of course," the boy repeated, "I'm not in love with Cynthia. But when you told me she'd turned Bob Luce down because she was, well—fond of me—that raised a new idea. That is, if she was telling the truth."

"Why wouldn't she be?"

Jim sighed. "Let's not go into that, Stanley."

The senior MacFarlane had drafted a will which made necessary Gibbs's consent to Jim's marriage if contracted before he were thirty. The penalty attached to disobediece provided for a reduction of his income to five thousand a year until he was thirty-five, at which time he was to come into possession of the capital. If he remained unmarried or married with Gibbs's approval, his income until he inherited the full estate was to be left to the executor's discretion.

After the motor accident which had resulted in the death of both Jim's parents when he was fifteen, the terms of this will had been made public, and Gibbs suspected pasted into the diaries of hundreds of ambitious mothers.

It was after nine when Jim's guests were all seated on the long terrace at candle-lighted tables laid for six. In the interim Gibbs had stood in the drawing-room beside the young host and as he had greeted in turn the fifteen girls, in their gowns of various colors, they had seemed to him a well-picked lot, although no one of them had the distinction of Cynthia, with her silver blond hair and tall graceful figure set off by a long skirted gown of violet tulle which matched her eyes.

When he was a sophomore at college Jim had been appalled by the suicide of Mr. Riggs following a Wall-street disaster. When Cynthia's mother had been forced to sell their place, which adjoined the MacFarlane estate, Jim had asked Gibbs to buy it, with the intention of presenting it to Mrs. Riggs. She, however, declined to accept a gift of such value. With the small residue left after her husband's debts were paid, she had bought a minor partnership in a brokerage investment business, where she had worked for the last seven years. She had contrived to let Cynthia finish school, and to send her younger sons to the college at which they had been entered. Cynthia herself had shown equal pluck; she had refused even a simple coming-out party, and had obtained a position in a Fifth-avenue shop, where she guided the inexperienced in the selection of sports clothes.

No, it was unthinkable that this girl had spoken other than the truth when she had told his guardian that she could not marry Bob Luce because she always had loved Jim. If, in her presence, his pulse did not quicken, it was due to the fact that his various disillusioning experiences with the other sex had killed his romantic tendencies. No, that wasn't literally true. Only last week his heart had pounded in the presence of brown-eyed Margot Winthrop when he had watched her rehearsing in Victor Reagan's new comedy.

But this memory only confirmed the reasoning of his mind. He had vowed never to speak to another actress after that nightmarish episode four years ago when Gibbs barely had averted a breach-of-promise suit which had no other basis than that Jim on a rainy night had motored a girl from the chorus out to her suburban home after a large supper party.

As soon as coffee was finished he went over to Cynthia. He wanted to make irrevocable his wise conclusion. "Let's go outside."

With her arm through his he led her to a group of wicker chairs near the tennis court. He took her hand. It was icy. "I've been fond of you all my life." He tried to make this truth sound fervent.

"And I of you, Jim."

"Then don't you think—I mean—what I'm trying to say is, why don't we get married?"

"All right."

"My dear!" He kissed her fingers. "Shall we go in and tell the others?"

"Not yet." She got up. "Let's not tell anyone except mother and Stanley. Promise, Jim?"

He stood beside her. "Of course, but I'd be so proud to announce it."

Yet even as he protested he experienced a sense of relief. He felt almost light-hearted as he re-entered the drawing-room, where Cynthia was immediately claimed by Bob Luce.

Jim asked Victor Reagan to join him in the library.

Jim lighted a pipe. "How's the new play going?"

"Not so well," said the young Irishman. "I wish I'd been shot before I let Erntheimer produce it. Of all the lousy—"

"Listen, I've got an idea. If you could direct it yourself it would be a knockout. Let me buy him out! It's a good investment."

Victor's answer was decisive. "I know you mean well, Jim. I even think you'd get your money back. But," he leaned forward, tapping Jim's knee with his forefinger, "you see your money puts you at a terrible disadvantage. Whatever success I get I want to earn all by myself."

"Shut up!" Jim wanted to tell Victor he was a Prince, but that was the sort of thing you couldn't say. "Keep your old show to yourself. Any objections to having me drop in to rehearsals tomorrow and going to dinner with you?"

"I can tolerate the idea. Come up to the theater about six-thirty."

Jim motored Stanley Gibbs into town with reckless disregard for traffic rules early the next morning. Between stifled yawns the older man congratulated Jim.

"And I was wondering if Cynthia wouldn't rather have that star ruby of your mother's than a new engagement ring?"

"Heavens, no! Rubies don't suit blondes. I'll get a sapphire."

From nine-thirty until five, except for an hour for luncheon, Jim sat at his desk in the banking house of Wilson & Smith. A year before when he had stated his desire to enter this firm as the humblest of employees, the astonished partners had made a counter offer of a position bearing a title, a large salary, and little responsibility—which he had promptly refused.

He had started at $33 a week.

The routinized tasks he performed did not fully satisfy his longing to prove his worth in competition with other men, but the irksomeness of office hours nourished his self-respect. "As well as provide an alibi for leaving late parties," he had told Victor Reagan, who was his only confidant.

He remembered this phrase when he hurried from the Racquet Club, after a game of court tennis and a revivifying shower, to the theater and took a place behind the playwright.

His heart missed a beat when Erntheimer, on the lighted stage, said, "Now, Miss Winthrop! We will do that scene again."

She said for the fifth time, in a sweet low voice which nevertheless carried well over the footlights, "I'll have my coffee now, Julien. Madame will be in presently."

"No! No! Remember Julien is the butler and you are supposed to be a society lady!"

To emphasize his words he put a pudgy hand on her arm. She moved quickly away.

Victor jumped up. "As only the author, may I be allowed to say that Miss Winthrop is interpreting the part to my entire satisfaction?"

The producer grunted, then said, "Drop this and go to the third act."

Jim, who had only the vaguest idea as to the play itself, watched Miss Winthrop with tender concern.

At length Reagan said, "Oh, let's call it a day!"

The girl turned gratefully to him. "Have you an extra copy of the entire thing? I've been trying all week to get one. Maybe if I could see it as a whole I could give a better reading for Mr. Erntheimer tomorrow."

Erntheimer was giving instructions to the doorman about closing the theater. Jim went up to the bare stage.

"My name's MacFarlane," he said. "I met you last week."

"Of course. How do you do?" She put her hand in his.

He gave Victor a meaning look.

"Why don't you come over to Tony's and dine with us?" suggested this astute young man.

"I'll be ready in a moment." But she looked, not at her host, but at Jim.

While the two men waited at the stage door Victor imparted all of her history he knew. "She told me she came from Richmond, Va.—when she applied for a job in this show. I insisted upon trying her out. I had the devil of a time with Erntheimer. He'd promised the part to some sweetie of his but my contract gives me the privilege of approving the cast, so I held out for her. He's made life hell for the poor child ever since. I don't know just what to do. She looks so right!"

She looked far more right to Jim.

Not until salad did she address him directly.

"Do you, by any chance, write for the theater?"

"No, worse luck. I'm only a prosaic bank clerk."

In his own circles this description would have elicited gales of laughter, but Miss Winthrop seemed sympathetic.

"Let's go to a show," Victor suggested. "I want to see 'Panthom'."

"So do I," the girl said. "But they're sold out for months."

While his coffee cooled Jim went to the telephone booth. At the cost of $67 he procured three seats. When he announced that the tickets were engaged, Miss Winthrop seemed surprised. He said, "That's what it is to have friends in the business."

He kicked Reagan under the table. When the men were alone he revealed his plot. "All my life I've wanted to be—anonymous—for a while. To have some one think of me, not as my father's heir, but as a human being. I fell into it by accident; don't give me away now!"

At the conclusion of the play Victor urged them to go down to his apartment. "We can have some food and I'll fix up the script for Miss Winthrop."

In his book-lined living-room the typewriter clicked, while in the kitchenette Jim scrambled eggs, fried bacon, and made coffee. He had learned this art years ago on that funny little boat of his . . . curious how the aroma of food cooking brought back that sharp nostalgia. The boat had symbolized all the difficulties injected into his life by his father's wealth . . . He had been thirteen when he had found this treasure in an inlet of the sound. The boy, by saving several months' allowance, had bought the none-too-sound craft for himself, repaired it, manned it with a youth from the village. It had been all his own, earned and maintained solely through his efforts.

Then just before he was fourteen his father, coming home in his yacht, had caught sight of the strange craft his son was sailing and learned the truth.

Jim had let loose all of his enthusiasm. He had felt certain the other understood the reasons for it.

But the morning of his birthday Mr. MacFarlane had said at breakfast, "Come down to the landing with me, Jim, I've got a surprise for you."

At the edge of the water his father pointed toward a magnificent new yacht, glistening with fresh paint and shining brass. "That's yours, my boy. Crew and all. And there's no finer one made."

Not far from where it lay at anchor he saw his own disreputable boat and the boy in it grinned delightedly.

"I made him a present of it," MacFarlane explained, happy in the sight of what he thought to be the son's daze of happiness . . . To Jim it had seemed the end of the world . . .

The odor of burning bacon broke his reverie. He shook himself, as if to dislodge an evil foreboding.

It was after one when Jim and the girl left.

As they entered a taxicab he said, "It's funny, but I don't know where you live."

"The Alcazon—it's a small hotel in East —th street. But why is it funny?"

"Because I feel as if I knew you so well."

He wanted to suggest seeing her the next evening, then remembered that he and Cynthia were dining with Stanley! "What about lunching on Saturday?"

"I'd love to."

The next morning Stanley came up from his apartment, just below, for breakfast.

"I saw you at 'Phantom' last night. Who was the lovely lady?"

In his gratitude at hearing her so described, Jim forgot discretion and told Gibbs the little he knew about her.

"Comes from Richmond? Probably knows my cousin, Judge Davidge, then."

"Probably."

Gibbs asked suddenly, "Bought Cynthia's ring yet?"

"I was too busy yesterday." Jim felt himself flush.

"Don't misunderstand me. No one knows better than I how completely you can be counted on . . . But I was thinking of the way an ambitious young actress might regard her acquaintance with you."

Jim's eyes darkened. "That's a rotten thing to say! She hasn't the remotest idea that I have ten cents! I told her I was a clerk in a bank, and Victor backed me up."

"Don't be an imbecile! You're one of the best-known young men in America."

The moment Jim reached his desk he telephoned a florist to send a box of gardenias to Miss Winthrop. Two blocks away in his dignified law office, Gibbs was composing a telegram of discreet inquiry to Judge Davidge of Richmond, in which the same name occurred.

At noon Jim went upstairs, chose a magnificent sapphire ring, and ordered orchids for Cynthia. At six he dropped in at the theater and while the rest of the cast were rehearsing sat with Margot Winthrop in the semidarkness, again completely happy, with her hand in his.

When he entered Gibbs's apartment at eight, Cynthia, in a diaphanous black tulle gown, with the orchids pinned on her shoulder, was alone in the drawing-room. He kissed her cheek, automatically, as he had often done at Christmas parties, then still feeling that this was a family celebration of some sort, put the ring on her finger.

As she gazed at it her eyes filled with tears. "It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw!"

With relief he saw Mrs. Riggs coming in from the library with Stanley. What a grand person she was!

At dinner he joined in the conversation as best he could, but never had he been so miserable.

While the men were alone for coffee, Gibbs's servant brought in a yellow envelope.

The older man tore it open—then handed it to Jim. It was headed Richmond, Va. "No girl by the name of Margot Winthrop has lived here for the past twenty-five years to my certain knowledge. John A. Davidge."

The typewritten words were the answer to all his questioning. Margot Winthrop had spoken to him only that afternoon about her birthplace. In itself it was of no consequence, but it proved that Gibbs was right. From now on he would keep his faith—with Cynthia, the fearless and gallant!

After two hours of bridge, which was sheer torture to the boy, he ordered his closed car and announced to his fiancee that he was going to take her home, alone.

When they reached her small house in the East Forties, he raised her hand to his lips. "I want to be everything you'd like me to be, Cynthia!"

She touched his face gently. "Bless you, my dear!"

In another moment he had opened the door and seen that she was safely inside.

"Drive to the Alcazon," he instructed the chauffeur.

He told himself that he merely intended to leave a note for the young actress telling her he would not be able after all to take her to luncheon Saturday.

This much he owed to Cynthia.

But, once inside the hotel, he decided to ask for her.

"Miss Winthrop just came in about five minutes ago," the clerk said, picking up the house telephone. "Who shall I say is calling?"

"Mr. MacFarlane."

"She'll be right down . . . Nice weather we're having . . . Going to play polo this fall?" Thus his hope of anonymity was shattered.

"No," he answered abruptly, and turned away. Those darned pictures in the rotogravure section had made him a marked man. What a fool he had been to suppose that it would not affect Margot's attitude!

Yet when she got out of the elevator his heart beat violently.

"I'm afraid the dining-room's closed," she said, "or I could ask you to have a sandwich."

"We'll go somewhere else. Just wait till I get a taxi. No, you stay here."

He hurried out to dismiss his large car, with the bitter reflection that he was being a fool to pretend to deceive her.

They went back to Tony's but the spell of enchantment was gone. He wanted to throw down on the table the telegram in the pocket of his dinner coat.

After a long silence, she said, "Victor Reagan had to go out to Cleveland to straighten out the road company of his last year's play. I don't know what to do without him! If only some one would buy the play from Erntheimer!"

Jim asked for the check. He felt almost physically ill.

It was only after he had reached his own apartment that he remembered he had not broken their engagement for Saturday.

But now that he was no longer deceived in her, no harm could ensue from their meeting.

Yet he could dislodge neither his feeling of guilt, nor of keen anticipation, as he arrived Saturday, at one, at the Alcazon.

Margot was waiting in the lobby, prettier than ever in a costume of light green with a big collar of soft light fur.

"I've brought some extra wraps," he said. "I thought we'd run into the country somewhere."

"I'm so glad we're going to get out of town," she said. "I do get tired of cities."

Not until half an hour later did he again make the conversation personal. "You were going to tell me of your luck in getting a part so soon?"

"Oh, let's not talk of me—tell me about yourself."

"I'm an orphan, just twenty-five. I work five and a half days a week downtown, and probably never will amount to much." He took savage pleasure in saying it.

When she spoke again, he decided that she was not as shrewd as he had supposed, for she underestimated his shrewdness. She turned to the topic of the play.

"I should think some of Victor Reagan's friends would buy the play from Erntheimer, and let him produce it?"

"So you said the other night. What makes you think it could be bought?"

"Oh, I found that out. And it would be so much better done if Victor could do it his own way."

He kept his eyes fixed on the road. He was saying to himself, "Don't be a fool! You can't have fifteen millions and expect people to forget it!"

But this defensive armor was not sufficient when she persisted, "I wonder though just how much it would cost."

In a blind passion of resentment he stopped the car and grabbed her in his arms, kissing her so fiercely that her body went limp. When his madness passed he perceived that her eyes were dark with fury, her face was crimson. Yet he found no words with which to explain. He knew his motives. He had decided in that moment to buy the play for her. But he would have given her all the money he possessed if she had only had the decency to pretend it was he, and not his fortune, she liked!

When she spoke, her voice showed no emotion other than a curious hardness. "Is there any particular reason for this, or is it just the way you usually treat actresses?"

Plainly, he thought, she was competent to handle situations of this kind.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I can only tell you that I've never treated any girl quite so primitively before, and I shall never do it again."

In the complete reversal of mood induced by his recognition of her as merely another of the long list of people who found his fortune the most attractive thing about him, he was able now to talk impersonally and amusingly.

As they drove back along the river the flaming orange sun slipped below the opposite hills. With dusk an almost childish desire not to be alone came over him. "We'll dine together and go to the theater," he said. He would never see her again—might as well round off the day—make his last fling complete.

She smiled assent. "I'll have to change."

As he entered his apartment the servant said, "Mr. Gibbs is here, sir. He said he was dining with you."

Jim glanced at the engagement pad. Stanley's name was clearly there. He dialed Margot's number. "Do you mind if a friend of mine—an older man, Stanley Gibbs—goes with us?"

"N—no." Her tone was a combination of regret and understanding.

"Smart girl!" he thought.

As he entered the library, Gibbs put down his magazine.

Jim started the diplomatic speech he had rehearsed, "I've asked some one to join us."

His guest interrupted with a pleased inflection, "Cynthia, I suppose? That's fine."

"No." He felt his face flush. "I've asked Margot Winthrop."

Gibbs was silent. The boy raced on, "I know you'll like her. She's awfully clever."

"Not very clever in her choice of hypothetical birthplaces."

"Well, what of it? Richmond sounds better than Podunk or Kalamazoo. If I choose to dine with Margot Winthrop that seems to me my privilege."

"I agree. I have no desire to meddle in your actions as an individual. My duty is limited to the management of your estate and,"' he added in the same level tone, "my approval of your marriage. Incidentally we must discuss some time the income you think you and Cynthia will need?"

In antagonistic silence they rode to the Alcazon, where Gibbs waited outside.

When Margot appeared, in an evening coat of rose velvet, Jim exclaimed, "You're beautiful."

Her short hair seemed composed of bronze gold curls, her face was so adorable that he yearned to kiss her.

No one could have been more courteous than Stanley. He took possession of the party. It was Jim who seemed the intruder, to whom almost no remarks were addressed.

He had just resolved not to leave them alone for a second, when Stanley said, "I think it might be amusing to drop in at a musical comedy, if Miss Winthrop would like it?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered.

"Then do you mind going out and calling up my club for tickets, Jim?"

It was a trap, but he saw no way to elude it. Well, let Gibbs talk to her, he reflected, as he made his way to the booth in the foyer.

When he returned he saw that Margot's face had lost its animation and her eyes were unnaturally large and distressed.

The play was to Jim only a noisy blur. When at last they were outside he ignored Gibbs and addressed Margot. "We'll go somewhere and dance."

"I think I'll go home," she answered. "I've an awfully busy day tomorrow."

The men escorted her to the entrance of the hotel. Despite Gibbs's presence and his own resolution, Jim said: "When can I see you again?"

"I don't know now just when I'll be free. Goodnight—and thank you both."

His guardian looked at the boy. "I'll tell you the whole story when we're at home."

He did not speak again until they were in his book-lined study. "You've known me too many years, Jim, to think I'm a meddler. I took the opportunity when Miss Winthrop and I were alone to talk of you. I let drop the fact that whatever money your father had left you had been grossly exaggerated . . . Well,